

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

# Massey - Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 2.] MARCH-APRIL, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 2.

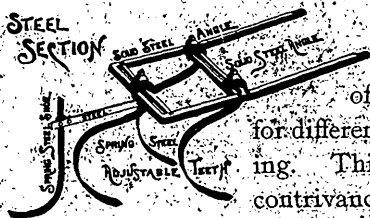


MEMBERS OF THE EMPIRE: FLOWER SELLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE { 60c. PER ANNUM  
6c. PER COPY.

# THE STRONGEST and BEST CULTIVATOR IS THE MASSEY-HARRIS

The Variety of Work which can be done with it is astonishing.



The Movable Tooth Seat admits of Spacing the Teeth for different kinds of Cultivating. This is a most handy contrivance.

The Frames of the Sections are made of Solid Angle Steel, while the Teeth, which are adjustable, are of Spring Steel.

Note the Patented Helper which greatly strengthens the Teeth and prevents them breaking when coming in contact with any obstruction.

The points of the Teeth are reversible, adding double to the wearing life of the Teeth.



# Massey-Harris Illustrated

A Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

New Series, Vol III., No. 2.] MARCH-APRIL, 1899. [Whole Series, Vol. XVII., No. 2.



“**P**OOOR” FRANCE in very deed!  
In the midst of a condition of  
political unrest that rendered  
not improbable at any moment an up-

heaval as vast as that of '71, death  
without a moment's warning strikes  
down the President, the holder of the  
only office in the republic's government



HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE BODY OF PRESIDENT FAURE LYING IN STATE IN THE ELYSÉE PALACE.



M. LOUBET, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, LEAVING VERSAILLES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

which possesses any degree of permanence. It was a splendid opportunity for the agitator of monarchical or other anti-republic proclivities to strike a blow for revolution. It was also a glorious opportunity for the true patriots to sink



THE CONFLAGRATION IN THE NAVY YARD.—NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

all personal differences and present a solid, united front to the forces so insidiously working for the destruction of France. And the patriot rose to the occasion, the National Assembly electing as President Fauro's successor a man who was known to be free from any

body of President Fauro lying in state in the Elysée Palace.

Our neighbours generally do things on a large scale. The recent fire in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York, was not an exception to the rule, the damage exceeding a million dollars. *Leslie's*



*LESLIE'S WEEKLY.*

THE RECENT ATTEMPT OF THE FILIPPINOS TO BURN MANILLA. UNITED STATES SOLDIERS FORCING A PASSAGE THROUGH THE RIOTOUS CROWD FOR THE FIRE ENGINES USED BY THE NATIVES.

sympathy with the various political parties who are responsible for the turbulent state that has existed for some time in Paris.

Our first illustration represents the

*Weekly* points out:—"It is a remarkable coincidence that on the anniversary of the destruction of the battle-ship *Maine* the building at the Brooklyn Navy Yard in which were stored all the plans and

the model from which she was constructed should be destroyed by a fire of mysterious origin. The loss, as measured in dollars, approximates \$1,000,000, which makes it a costly celebration of



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.  
GENERAL EMIL AGUINALDO,  
THE LEADER OF THE FILIPPINOS.

Maine Day The building was known as a machine shop, and held a collection of most valuable tools. It was erected in 1870 and will be rebuilt at once

Interest continues centered in the

aftermath of the Spanish-American war. It was one time the custom of Americans to sneer at the use of the expression, "the burdens of Empire," which they regarded, or pretended to regard, as merely a colloquial phrase used to gloss over some act of aggression on the part of England. They are fast learning, however, that the burdens of empire are a reality—a painful reality. The task of whipping Spain was easy compared with that of bringing the native races they have "freed" to a just appreciation of the benefits of American rule.

In Manila the fun has been fast and furious. The Filipinos claim they have been struggling for nearly 300 years, not merely that the rule of another foreigner should be substituted for that of the detested Spaniard, but to secure complete independence. Through their leader, Aguinaldo, they maintain they now possess all the economy for independent self-government. Aguinaldo has been "elected" president of the republic, and a "national" council chosen. There is certainly a strong suggestiveness of political acumen in the manner in which Aguinaldo and his immediate associates have constructed their semblance of a representative government out of such unpromising material. But whatever of aptitude for self-government does exist is confined to the few and that they are not capable—if willing—of restraining the barbarous proclivities of the masses has been abundantly exemplified in the methods that have been adopted against the American forces. The attempt last month of the Filipinos to burn Manila illustrates most forcibly how lacking in conception of their duty as Anglo-Saxons the Americans would be did they leave the islands they have wrested from Spain to the tender mercies of the native "government."

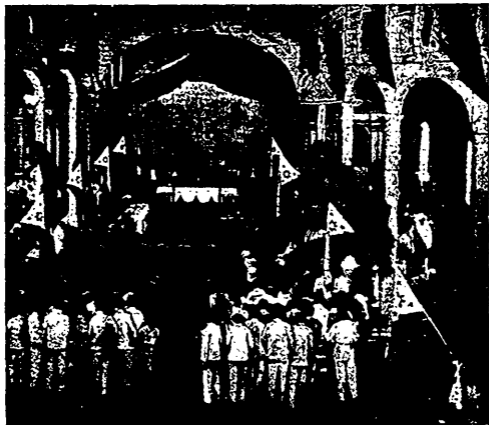
Two typical scenes in the other recently acquired American "colony" provide our illustrations for page 42.

With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, it is doubtful if of recent years the illness of any man has proved such a matter of world-wide concern as the sickness of Rudyard Kipling, the uncrowned poet laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race; and it would be difficult to imagine a more sorrowful picture than that presented by the heroic wife of the famous author, watching almost without hope at the bedside of her husband, in whom the spark of life was almost quenched, the while two of her three little children lay at death's door elsewhere; and when the crisis was passed which caused her to hope at last that her husband would be restored to her, the turning point also came in the sickness of the little ones, and in one case it turned—to death.

Our illustration on page 41 affords us an interesting glimpse of a phase of life in Denmark.

In Denmark the dairy industry occupies a leading place. Central dairies receive the daily milk supply from two farms within a certain radius. The full milk cans are deposited along the road, and the cart of the central dairy makes its rounds twice a day, depositing the empty cans and taking up the full ones. The milk is conveyed to the central dairy to be made into butter or cheese. At the end of the month the dairy farmer

even the laying in of peat for winter fuel. They navigate their scows cleverly enough, wear a distinct costume, and cover their faces with black cloth masks. The general opinion is that this is done to protect their faces against the impalpable sand and salt-water spray; but others pretend that it is the remnant of a custom of former days, instituted at the dictation of the husbands, who forbade their wives to show their faces to strangers. The younger generation will probably abandon it, but it is still the ruling custom. Among our illustrations



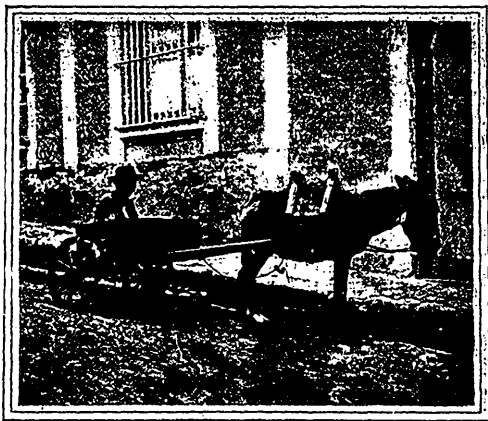
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE FILIPPINO CONGRESS IN SESSION—AGUINALDO SEATED AT THE CENTRE OF THE DESK, IN THE DISTANCE.

receives his share of the profits, less working expenses, according to the quality and quantity of milk he has furnished. The Island of Fanø, on the west coast of Jutland, is a pleasant summer resort, with good sea-bathing, and can be easily and comfortably reached by the fine Tegner-Price steamers on the Harwich-Esbjerg Route. During the greater part of the year it is populated by the gentler sex, most of the male inhabitants being far away on the high seas or fishing in the Arctic Circle. All the work is therefore done by women;

we give a view of the central dairy of a district. They are built after a uniform plan. Steam is used to drive the machinery, and telephonic wires communicate with every farm in its radius. All milking and tending cattle is done by women. The cattle are so docile that on being released from the tethers they come of their own accord and wait for their turn at the farm-yard. Another characteristic picture is that of a little girl leading a number of cows to pasture. She carries a mallet to drive in the stakes on to which the tethers are





A TYPICAL DRAY IN SANTIAGO.

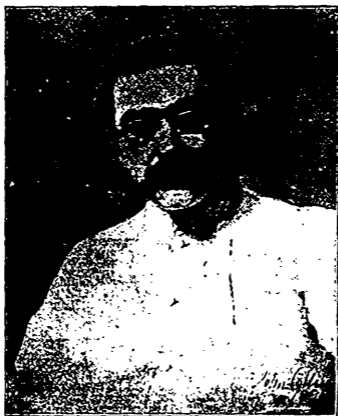


A HAPPY YOUNG SANTIAGO INSURGENT, HOMEWARD BOUND, AFTER THE SURRENDER.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

THE CRITICAL HOUR OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S ILLNESS, WHEN LIFE WAS SUPPORTED BY THE USE OF OXYGEN.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

M'CLURE'S MAGAZINE.

fastened. The crops of barley or oats are gathered from the small patches of land, which are tilled by the women, who carry on a brave struggle against the drifting sands and fierce winds

Our two following illustrations present

introduce modern and more convenient contrivances. When the Spanish conquerors took possession, they found no beast of burden as they had found the llama in Peru. It was the tall, muscular Indian of those mountainous regions



SCENES IN DENMARK.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

a remarkable contrast in methods of mountain travel.

The primitive means of transport on the high table-lands and mountainous districts of Central America will exist till a railway running north and south, midway between the two oceans, will

who was the beast of burden then. And so he is to-day. A leather thong, with a pad over his forehead, keeps the load of from six to nine stone in its place. A callous growth on the forehead and the disappearance of the hair are the result. For passenger travel a kind of sentry-

box, sometimes made of wickerwork, sometimes of rough boards, with a seat inside and a sort of thatch overhead, is used. Water and provisions are carried by another Indian in the "jacaste," a sort of stool.

The cycle theory is receiving strong corroboration these days particularly in the matter of disasters at sea. Commencing with the ill-fated *Bourgoyne* there has been in the last few months almost a continuous record of Atlantic liners

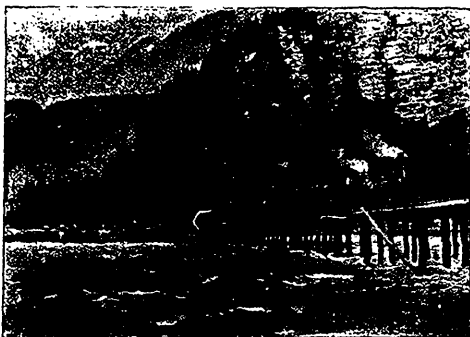


MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.—IN GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

The excursion train on the White Pass and Yukon railway—the first ever run so near the Arctic Circle—took the men, women and children of Skagway for a trip, just a little more than a month after the commencement of the line.

missing or wrecked. The *Mohegan*, the *Bulgaria*, the *Castilian*, and the *Labrador* have fared the worst. The *Pavonia* stayed away so long that all hope was given up of ever seeing her again; the burden of ice with which the *Germanic*

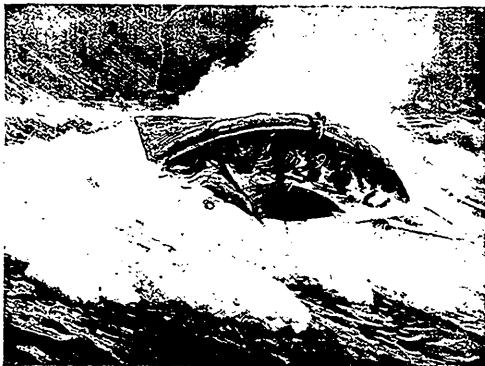


IN THE KLONDYKE.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

was coated when she entered New York harbor, was such that the ocean going palace sank at her moorings without a moment's warning. Our final illustration depicts a thrilling moment in the experience of a lifeboat crew who had

just taken off the last survivors on a vessel wrecked of the coast of Ireland. When about 100 yards from the sinking hull the life-boat was completely overturned and it was several moments before she righted herself.



CAPSIZED! A LIFE BOAT INCIDENT.

# On & Around the Farm.

An Epitome of Expert Opinion and Interesting Facts Gathered from Authoritative Sources.

## General Notes.

Creameries in Canada number 559 this year, against 170 in '91 and only 46 in '81.

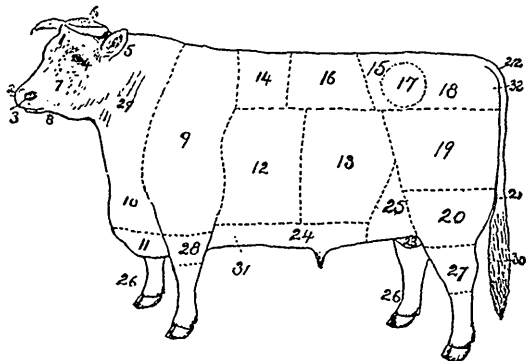
\*\*\*

**The Pulse of Animals.** The heart of an adult horse beats 30 to 40 times a minute, of an ox 45 to 50, of a pig 70 to 80, and of a sheep 70 to 80 times.

by frequent stirring, but straw or chaff may be used. Crops well mulched are almost free from weeds.

\*\*\*

**Green Bone for Hens.**—It is a fact that can be proved from the experience of the most prominent poultrymen in the country, that green cut bone is the greatest egg producing food in the world. It is a food that cannot be omitted from the



POINTS IN THE BEEF FORM. (See page 48.)

1. Forehead and Face. 2. Muzzle 3. Nostril. 4. Eye. 5. Ear. 6. Poll. 7. Jaw. 8. Throat. 9. Shoulders. 10. Chest 11. Brisket. 12. Fore Ribs. 13. Back Ribs. 14. Cross. 15. Loin. 16. Back. 17. Hook. 18. Rump. 19. Hind Quarters. 20. Thighs. 21. Twist. 22. Base of Tail. 23. Cod Piece. 24. Underline. 25. Flanks. 26. Legs and Bone. 27. Hocks or Gambrels. 28. Forearms. 29. Neck Vein. 30. Bush of Tail. 31. Heart Girth. 32. Pin Bones.

**Color is Not a Factor.**—The fact that a hog may be white, black or red does not operate for or against him in the general market. Some buyers prefer white hogs, but this feeling is not pronounced and no premium is paid for white porkers.

\*\*\*

**Mulching in Gardens.**—In small gardens mulching after transplanting is often profitable. The best mulch is two or three inches of soil kept loose and mellow

diet to have the best results obtained both in breeding and egg production. While the most prominent poultry men know this to be a fact there are thousands upon thousands of our readers who are still ignorant on the subject. If they would get one of the cheap bone mills, grind the fresh green bones that are now wasted, and feed this fresh bone meal to their poultry in moderate quantities, all such persons would be convinced of the truth of our statement.

**Vaccine Treatment for Blackleg.**—During the year ending June 30, 1899, blackleg vaccine was distributed freely by the United States bureau of animal industry, the demand having greatly increased. More than 355,000 doses have been distributed and the losses from blackleg have been reduced from an average of 10 to 20 per cent. to less than 1 per cent.

\* \*

**Why Lime is Valuable as a Fertilizer.**—In soils deficient in lime applications of lime are necessary to supply plant food.

### POINTS IN THE BEEF FORM.

**A** CORRESPONDENT in a recent issue of *The Breeders' Gazette*, remarks that probably nine-tenths of farmers do not know what constitutes a perfect beef animal, and the technical language used in estimating the merits of such an animal is generally a dead letter to them. He suggests that a full and plain explanation of the various points involved in determining the beef value of an animal would be appreciated by many of the *Gazette's* readers. Our contemporary has acted upon its correspondent's suggestion, and we take advantage thereof for the benefit of our own readers who will find in the accompanying diagram and explanation of points in the beef form much that is alike interesting and profitable. The writer of the article, C. F. Cautiss, of the Iowa Experiment Station, says:

"It is not easy to furnish a clear description of the parts referred to or explain the terms used except by the aid of a living animal for demonstration; but the accompanying diagram, which has been prepared at my request and which represents a typical beef animal, will be of much assistance in a study of the subject.

"The location of the crops is indicated by No. 14. They lie on either side of the spinal column, just back of the top of the shoulders. They should be full, so that the back and shoulder will be evenly joined at this point; the front ribs should also be well sprung in the region indicated by No. 12 below the crops in order that there may be no marked depression behind the shoulders and that the heart girth measured around parts 12, 14 and 31 may be full. The location of the twist is at the back part of the thigh, at about the point indicated by No. 21. The desirable conformation here is a thick, full

The indirect value of lime is perhaps more important than its direct action. It unlocks the unavailable potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen of the soil. It also exerts a decided influence on the mechanical conditions of soils. Compact soils are made light and loose soils are made more compact. It also furnishes conditions in the soil favorable to the activity of micro-organisms, which convert the nitrogen of organic matter into nitrates, and thus makes it available as plant food. On soils that are sour, lime is valuable in neutralizing the acidity.

thigh as viewed from the rear, of good width and prominence, giving a symmetrical quarter. The dairy breeds are always very deficient in twist, being thin and what is termed 'cat-hammed.' This conformation affords ample room for the development of a good udder.

"The term 'fore flank' is not used in this diagram, but it is represented by the part just back of the elbow joint which is located at the upper line of No. 28. It also extends back for some distance to about the point indicated by No. 31. The top and bottom lines as well as the side lines should be nearly parallel in a model beef animal. In reality, however, this is seldom attained in the lower line. Fullness at both front and hind flanks and at heart girth (31) will insure a good lower line, and fullness and evenness of neck, crops, back, loin and rump will give a good upper line; this is what is meant by good top and bottom lines. Fullness and evenness of the parts at 9, 12, 13 and 19 will give a good side line."

\* \*

Apropos of beef cattle the last Report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institute of Ontario, contains a brief but terse paper on breeding and feeding by W. C. McGregor, of Ilbury, in which the writer gives some useful, practical hints. The article is well worth the attention of our readers. Mr. McGregor says in conclusion: "At present prices of animal food products the cost of production I estimate at three cents per pound live weight."

The preceding sentence is where the writer shows his complete grasp of the necessities of successful farming. "To succeed in this, as in any other department of farm work, it is necessary that there be a liking for it and a determination to do all things connected with it in a thorough manner, giving attention to every detail."

## BIRDS IN RELATION TO AGRICULTURE.

NOT FOES BUT FRIENDS.

AN AUTHORITATIVE PLEA FOR THE MUCH MALIGNED "HEN HAWK."

ONE of the most useful contributions to agricultural literature that we have seen for a long time is the story of Birds in relation to Agriculture as told by the well-known ornithologist, C. W. Nash, in an exhaustive and freely illustrated article covering over thirty pages of the Report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes.

The Ontario Government very wisely decided to republish the article in pamphlet form. The result is most satisfactory from every point of view. Not only is there in compact form a wealth of information pertaining to the subject on which Mr. Nash has written, but the reproductions of the drawings are splendid specimens of their art of photo-engraving, adding not a little in the eyes of many to the attractiveness alike of the book and the topic. Speaking of birds of prey, Mr. Nash says, "these may be roughly divided into two classes, the first feeding by day and the other by night."

A strong plea is made for greater discrimination on the part of the farmer between the Sharp Skinned Hawk, Cooper's Hawk, Goose Hawk, Duck Hawk and Pigeon Hawk, which occasionally make raids upon the poultry yards, and should therefore be shot whenever the opportunity is given; and the Marsh Hawk, Red-tailed Hawk, Red-shouldered Hawk, Broad-winged Hawk, Rough-legged Hawk and the Sparrow Hawk, "every one of which spends the greater part of its time and devotes its energies to work the destruction of animals and insects which are known to be amongst the greatest pests the farmer has to contend with."

"For the sake of brevity the Red-tailed Hawk, Red-shouldered Hawk, and Broad-winged Hawk may be considered together. These three common species are usually known as 'Hen Hawks' Why, however, it would be difficult to say. They are all fairly large, slow, heavy flying birds, whose food consists principally of mice, squirrels, toads, frogs and snakes; very rarely do they ever take a bird of any kind. In fact it would be extremely difficult for them to do so, unless the bird was very young, or injured seriously.

"I have specially omitted from this group, to which it really belongs, the Rough-legged Hawk. This is done purposely, because the great value of the species to the farmer should be particularly pointed out, the bird having been most unjustly persecuted. It is the largest of the Canadian hawks, and one that deserves the greatest consideration and protection from every man having an interest in agriculture. It can be safely said that this so-called 'Hen-Hawk' has never killed a head of poultry at any time, nor do they ever kill birds of any kind."



FROM A DRAWING BY C. W. NASH.

ROUGH LEGGED HAWK.

In support of his claim that the indiscriminate slaughter of all hawks within range will prove disastrous to the farmer, Mr. Nash points out that "the attention of the Department of Agriculture at Washington was some time ago called to the fact that mice and other destructive rodents were largely increasing throughout the United States and it was suggested that the constant destruction of the hawks and owls was the reason of it. In consequence of this the Department placed the matter in the hands of Dr. Merriam and Dr. Fisher, two of the



leading ornithologists of America, with instructions to prepare a report on the subject. This they have done and the result of their investigation which I shall give at the end of this chapter shows conclusively that all the hawks which I have referred to as being beneficial to agriculture are of the greatest possible value in ridding us of enormous numbers of destructive animals, and that they are practically innocent of the commonly urged charge against them, of poultry killing."

The following are the stomach tests to which Mr. Nash asks all reasonable farmers and others to pin their faith:

*Red-tailed Hawk.* 562 stomachs examined:

54 contained poultry or game birds; 51, other birds; 409 mice and other animals; 37, reptiles, etc.; 47, insects; 9, crawfish, etc.; 2 offal; and 39 were empty.

*Red-shouldered Hawk.* 220 stomachs were examined:

3 contained poultry; 12, other birds; 142, mice and other mammals; 59, reptiles, etc.; 109, insects; 7, crawfish; 2, offal; 3, fish; and 11 were empty.

*Broad-winged Hawk.* 65 stomachs examined:

2 contained small birds; 28, mice and other mammals; 24, reptiles, etc.; 32 insects, etc.; 1 crawfish; and 7 were empty.

*Marsh Hawk.* 124 stomachs examined: 7 contained poultry or game birds; 34, other birds; 79, mice and other mammals; 9, reptiles, etc.; 11 insects; and 8 were empty.



PHOTO FROM A DRAWING BY C. W. NASH.

SPARROW HAWK.



PHOTO FROM A DRAWING BY C. W. NASH.

SHARP SKINNED HAWK.

*Rough-legged Hawk.* 49 stomachs examined.

45 contained mice and other mammals; 1, lizards; 1 insects; and 4 were empty.

*Sparrow Hawk.* 320 stomachs examined:

1 contained a quail; 53, other birds; 101, mice and other mammals; 12, reptiles, etc.; 24, insects, etc.; and 2 were empty.


Thus it can be seen that of the 49 stomachs of the Rough-legged Hawk examined by Dr. Fisher and the 92 examined by me, in 1895, not one contained a trace of any domestic fowl and nearly everyone contained mice. Yet many people persist in calling this bird the "Big Hen Hawk" and in treating it as an enemy, when both by law and public opinion it should be protected by every possible means. The statement as to all the other species that I have referred to as beneficial is equally corroborated by my own experience and shows how well entitled these birds are to consideration at our hands instead of the persecution they usually meet."

Owls have been subjected to similar tests; and of those birds Mr. Nash says:

"The above examinations of the stomach of our resident species show most positively that, with the exception of the Great-horned Owl, the whole family are of the greatest value to the farmer. My own experience, both in Manitoba and Ontario, corroborates this, and is perhaps a little more favorable to the owls, for (always excepting the Great-horned Owl) I have never found a trace of a game bird or domestic fowl in any of them."

...AT THE...

## Editor's Desk

 OF course we live in the most favored land on the face of the earth. Climatically, as in other respects, we are perfect. Kipling was guilty of unconscionable libel when he referred to Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows." All these things are well established facts (see daily press of any date); but blizzards and other tangible evidence of atmospheric hilarity on the eve of April touch us in a tender spot. Being far removed from the region of party politics, we don't know whether the Government or the Opposition is to blame for the over-supply of winter misery. Whether it is the aftermath of the National Policy or the first effects of the Preferential Tariff, we cannot say; but it is likely to engender a feeling of coldness in both parties. If the farmers of the nearest township to where this journal is published will only organize a bee to hasten the departure of this large-sized remnant of an overgrown winter, they will receive the heartfelt thanks of the undersigned—and a year's subscription to the ILLUSTRATED free.

\*.\*

THE sudden death of Hon. John F. Wood, who was found dead in his bed at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, to which he had retired apparently in good health, attracts attention to the great number of well-known men who of recent years have been stricken down with such startling suddenness. It is not only public men, however, who have met death when least expected. Even those who are not in the habit of reading the obituary columns cannot fail to notice the large number of instances recorded in the press

every week of death from "heart failure" of persons previously supposed to be in sound health. In the majority of cases the victims are men not more than middle aged, who might have been expected to live twenty years, at least. A careful comparison of the newspapers of Canada and the United States with those of Britain certainly suggests that in the former countries sudden deaths are far more frequent than in the latter. It would not be difficult to find a reason for this. In Canada, and still more in the United States, men keep going at high pressure for many hours out of the twenty-four. That they accomplish more in the month than their more phlegmatic and comfort-loving kinsmen across the sea is doubtful. The whole day during business hours is given to business, and business only. A break in the middle of the day for the digestion of a leisurely consumed meal and a quiet hour's reading or chat is almost unknown among the business men of Canada. A hastily swallowed unchewed lunch consumes about fifteen minutes of the dinner "hour," the remainder of which is spent in discussing or pondering over some more or less absorbing matter of business. It is the same when evening comes. Business worries, instead of being left in the office, in the store, or in the factory, engage attention which ought to be devoted to some healthful recreation, mental and physical. The blood which should be aiding the digestive apparatus to perform its functions, is called upon to feed the still busy brain; and thus kept at high pressure, the whole system is subjected to a strain, the limit of which is soon reached; and life goes out like a puff of smoke.

\*.\*

Man sometimes forgives, God often forgives, but Nature never forgives, a viola-

tion of her laws. This ancient adage is exemplified with painful accuracy these days when the tendency is to bestow less care upon the systematically arranged mechanism of the human body than upon that of last year's bicycle.

\* \* \*

THE movement for placing agriculture in a recognized position among the arts and sciences at seats of learning is making rapid strides in different parts of the world. From exchanges now to hand we learn that:

"The Senate of Dublin University have agreed to add a diploma in agriculture to the various degrees which they confer. The preliminary examination is to embrace a more limited range of subjects than the usual matriculation examination, consisting of English, mathematics, and natural philosophy. During his course, however, the agricultural student will be examined in book-keeping, mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, zoology, land surveying, physiology, geology, veterinary hygiene, economic science as applied to agriculture, horticulture, and forestry."

\* \* \*

"THE Diapers' Company, of London, Eng., have offered to make a contribution of £800 a year for ten years towards the development of facilities for agricultural education at an important seat of learning. The only condition the company make in connection with their offer is that the Board of Agriculture shall give the scheme the benefit of its support."

This is a splendid example for the dry-goods men of Toronto and Montreal to follow either as an united body or as individuals.

\* \* \*

Of course the governments of Canada, Federal and Provincial, are all alive to the importance of extending the sphere of educational effort in regard to matters agricultural. Speaking in the early days of March, the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education in the Ontario Government, took an advanced position on the desirability of including in the public school curriculum many subjects, a knowledge of which would be of considerable practical use to the farmer. We firmly believe that the Provincial Government is honestly desirous of making our public

school system a more useful training ground than it has been in the past for the embryo agriculturist. The difficulties that face a government trying to add so materially to the usefulness of the country's educational machinery are not merely those of a technical character—the reorganization of the system and the provision of the necessary equipment for carrying out the reform. The greatest impediment to successful results for a long time to come is the apathy of those in whose interests the reform is instituted. In fact it is a more active impeding force than apathy, it is positive distrust.

\* \* \*

It is a painful reflection that in Canada which is and must for all time be essentially an agricultural country, the children of farmers only too frequently imbibe at an early age, not a love for the land and a determination to become successful farmers, but a thorough distaste for the vocation of their fathers and a desire to abandon all personal connection with the farm; to which they give effect at the very first opportunity. With the eye turned towards "something in the city" they pursue their studies meritoriously at school. In many cases the school is followed by a course at the university, still with the same object in view; and finally the ranks of lawyers, doctors, bank clerks, office assistants and other city workers, already overcrowded, receive another influx of new-comers, whose arrival simply makes a livelihood more precarious than ever in those spheres.

They have in fact deprived the country of a certain amount of wealth, and in nine cases out of ten they are the first to suffer a direct and serious loss. They have spent several years in the aggregate, and some money, upon equipping themselves educationally; their faculties have been developed, and with the knowledge they have acquired they now devote their energies to making a living (!) out of pursuits which cannot be called productive except in so far as they aid in the distribution of the output of productive labor, or help to maintain that state of security for the nation and for

the individual whereby productive labor can be carried on to the best advantage. Thus the merchant and the carrier do not add one dollar to the wealth of the country as producers. It is true without them the producer would be unable to obtain the full benefits of his labor; but without the producer the merchant and the carrier could not exist.

The producer is also dependent upon the lawyer and the doctor for certain benefits; without them he would often suffer considerably in body and estate; but without the producer the professional man would be in a hole indeed.

\*.\*

It is almost too old and too simple a truth to be repeated that on the direct producer primarily depends the welfare of the nation. The greater the producing power in operation, the greater the prosperity of the community as a whole; consequently a decrease in the producing power in operation results in diminished prosperity for the community; and it is the tendency of to-day to decrease the prosperity of the community that we are fighting when we protest against "education" being taken to signify preparation for every sphere of life but farming. It is to check that tendency that the governments of different countries are placing "Agriculture" among the higher branches of study in the public educational institutions. The action of the Drapers' Company, of London, is but a recognition by that body of astute merchants that the interests of the farmer are the interests of all.

\*.\*

We have, on more than one occasion, dealt with the causes which make for dislike of the farm in the minds of the young people of Canada; briefly, they are the narrow limits, educationally and socially, within which the farmers as a whole have sought to confine their vocation. A generation of physical and mental strength has been lost to the land, and its potential wealth to the country, having been squandered in a vain effort to procure individual riches in town or city. It is no small task at this late hour to repopularize agriculture. The hope lies in the men of the future who are

infants to-day. The intelligent farmer who has noted the trend of migration during the last twenty years, and who has the welfare of his posterity at heart, will readily grasp at the opportunities which are now offered, and which will increase each year, of developing in his boys a taste for the study of the various subjects, a proper knowledge of which will not only add materially to the success of the farmer, but place his calling on a social and intellectual level with those which have hitherto monopolized the term, "learned professions."

\*.\*

NOTHING has struck us more forcibly as illustrating the happy-go-lucky character of many farmers than the pamphlet on "Birds in Relation to Agriculture," published by the Ontario Government, and from which we make copious extracts elsewhere. The hawk is generally supposed to be in the same category as the fox so far as the poultry yard is concerned, and the farmer deems it his bounden duty to kill every hawk on sight. But there are hawks and hawks; and the writer of "Birds in Relation to Agriculture" most conclusively proves that the Rough-legged hawk, which has been regarded by the farmer as his particular enemy, is, in fact, one of the best friends he has. This much labelled bird not only does not carry off all the young chicks he can, but satisfies the longings of hunger by relieving the farmer of such undesirable live stock as mice, rats and other rodents.

\*.\*

We do not desire to appear hypercritical of our good friends, the farmers, who undoubtedly lead their brethren of other countries in many respects, but apparently it cannot be denied that the Canadian farmer is, in too many cases, woefully lacking in knowledge of matters on which he ought to be an authority. All the various natural physical features of the locality in which he has lived for quarter or half a century should be known to him; its geological formation, its botanical characteristics, the species of wild birds and other animals that abound. The potentiality of such knowledge in adding to the profit of farming

is considerable, and the acquirement of it does not, or should not, mean a special course of study after arrival at man's estate.

The acquirement of knowledge of such subjects should commence at early childhood; as soon as a boy is able to take an intelligent interest in the things that grow and the things that live; and we never yet met a boy of seven who did not evince an interest of some sort—not always a kindly one, it is true—in birds and birds' nests; in apple trees, and the stones with which to bring down the fruit.

\*.\*

ONE of the many great advantages life in the country possesses, and of the attractions it offers to children, is the opportunity it affords for the collection of specimens of all sorts. When properly directed, children find their most enjoyable recreation in such work. Supplemented as these opportunities will be in future by theoretical instruction in the public schools, the young boy on the farm to-day should never know that feeling of being mentally cribbed, cabined and confined, which has robbed the land of so many good masters in the last quarter of a century: provided always, of course, that father-farmer proves a ready seconder of the efforts of the Educational Department and of his young hopeful's ambition.

\*.\*

In furtherance of our desire to encourage wherever we can an active interest among the young folks in the natural conditions of their country, we intend publishing some interesting articles upon the formation of home museums, which will contain useful and practical information on the stuffing of birds and other small animals, the collection of geological and botanical specimens, and on kindred matters. Before the end of the year we expect sufficient progress will have been made by our young friends to justify us asking them to submit specimens of their work, illustrations of which we shall be pleased to publish, at the same time awarding a substantial prize to those who, according to expert opinion, shall have sent the most perfect specimens.

It seems to us that the simplest way for the Americans to dispose of the Filipinos who *won't* be "freed" as Uncle Sam interprets the term, and who *will* fight in a manner he cannot misunderstand, would be for General Otis to declare a cessation of hostilities and invite all the insurgents to a big feed, at which the *pièce de resistance* should be the canned stuff on which the American soldiers lived—and died—in Cuba. American bullets may fail to subdue Aguinaldo's warriors, but American beef would ensure their destruction in short order.

\*.\*

THE Czar of Russia's peace manifesto was "favorably received" by the different governments of Europe, evidence of whose good faith is to be found, we suppose, in a determination to increase their military or naval equipment.

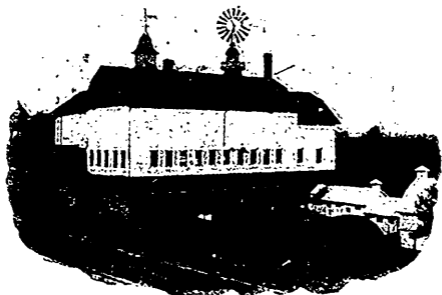
In England, the idea of a "peace conference" has entered the popular mind, and the "peace crusade" has assumed imposing proportions—nearly every day witnessing a public meeting in some part of the country, and presided over by some man prominent in the annals of his district, if not of the country at large. And yet, "1899 will be unique in British naval records, for not only will the personnel reach 110,610 men—twice as many as ten years ago—but no fewer than fifty warships of different types will enter the navy ready to hoist the pennant for action:—that is, 1899 will see the stupendous number of ninety-eight British warships under way, representing an outlay of \$175,000,000." Unfriendly critics see, or claim to see, the rank-est kind of hypocrisy in John Bull's protestations of peace, accompanied by such preparations for war; but others recognize the sublime wisdom of being prepared to enforce peace on those who might otherwise feel disposed to take liberties.

# AT DENTONIA.

## VIEW AND PLANS OF THE MAIN BARN.

THE necessarily cursory description of any particular department which alone was possible in our last issue, when we were presenting

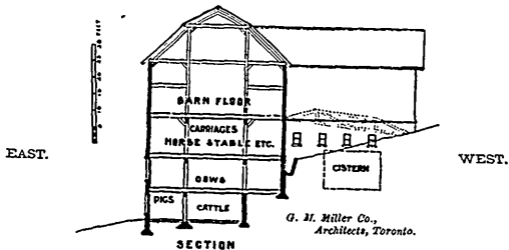
the progressive farmer desirous of profiting by Mr. Massey's experience, unless supplemented by details of a practical and technical character. In this issue



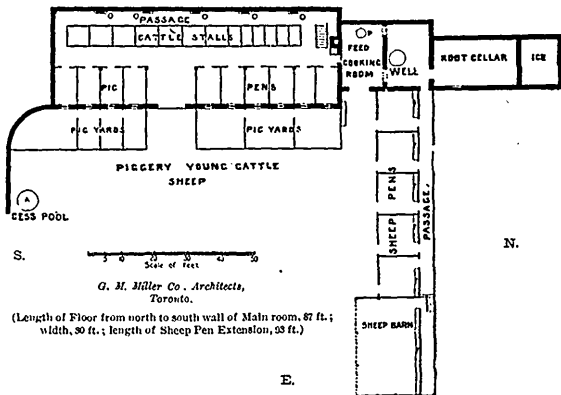
VIEW OF MAIN BARN (EAST AND SOUTH ELEVATION).

Dentonia Park, as a whole, to our readers, would not be of much assistance to

we shall confine ourselves entirely to the main barn, which, we think all far-



PLAN NO. 1.—CROSS SECTION OF BARN FROM EAST TO WEST, SHOWING POSITION ON HILL SIDE.



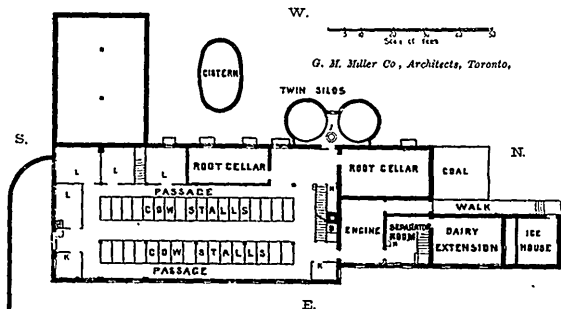
PLAN NO. 2.—BASEMENT PLAN, SHOWING PIG PEN, CATTLE STALLS, AND SHEEP PEN EXTENSION.

mers will admit, should always be an object of first consideration.

By the aid of the very complete plans furnished by Messrs. G. M. Miller Co.,

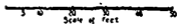
Architects, we hope to place the many advantages of the Dentoma barn clearly before our readers.

The sectional view shows the four



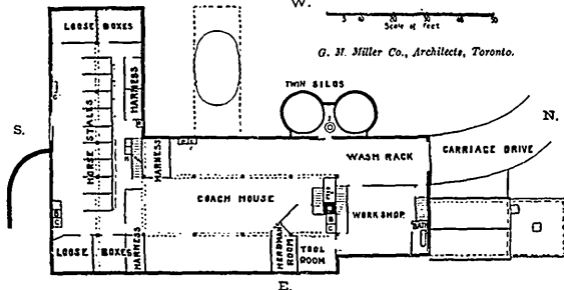
PLAN NO. 8.—DAIRY FLOOR, SHOWING DAIRY, STABLE FLOOR AND EXTENSIONS.  
(Length of Cow Stable Floor, 83 ft.; Engine Room, Dairy, and Dairy Extension.

W.



G. M. Miller Co., Architects, Toronto.

TWIN SILOS



E.

P. AN NO. 4.—HORSE STABLE AND COACH HOUSE FLOOR.

(Length of Main Floor, 115 ft.; total length of South Wing, 80 ft.)

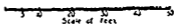
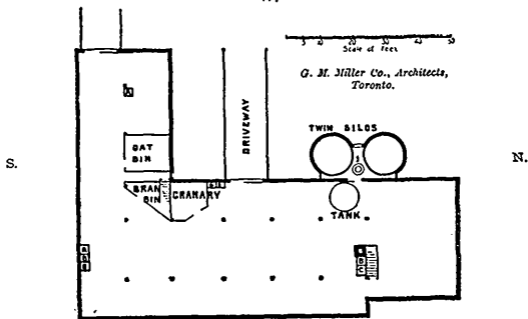
storied building built into the side of a hill. Amongst other advantages of such a location are moderation in temperature, and the fact that each storey possesses an entrance on the level.

The plan No. 2 on page 56 shows the arrangement of the basement containing pig pens and cattle stalls, together with a single storey extension towards the east devoted to sheep. The

main entrance to the basement is from the east side, and the driveway is of ample width to admit backing in a horse and cart. The liquid from the various stables drains to the cess pit at the south of the barn yard, whence it is pumped to a sprinkler cart used for distributing it on the lands, thus ensuring cleanliness with the minimum of waste.

We referred in our previous article to

W.

G. M. Miller Co., Architects,  
Toronto.

E.

PLAN NO. 5.—BARN FLOOR.



the air ducts. The revolving funnels which can be seen on the roof in the first illustration provide the necessary current, and a well arranged system of pipes conducts a constant supply of fresh air to all the animals on each floor. The points of diffusion which are near the mangers are shown at "O" on the plan No. 2. The foul air is carried off by means of the chutes which are also used for conveying feed from the fourth storey to the different floors below.

The mixing or cooking room for the animals on the basement is conveniently situated to the north of the stables, and is provided with a capacious boiler or cooker, "P." The well in the room adjoining provides an ample supply of splendid water pumped by windmill to a 5,000 gal. tank in the top of the building, from which all the stalls in the building are supplied. The feeding racks and troughs, "F," in the sheep pens are ingeniously devised. The rack or manger extends along one side of the pen and the clover heads and other delicate morsels, which the mutton-makers would otherwise scatter to waste, are caught in the trough beneath which extends several inches beyond the angle of the rack.

Plan No. 3 conveys a very clear idea of the arrangement of the various departments on this floor. The loose boxes are shown at "L," the calf boxes at "K." At "M" is the mouth of the chute from which ground feed is received from floor above, while "I" is

the chute through which ensilage and chop make their descent. The convenient situation of the dairy and its accessories is apparent. "N" shows the location of the steam turbine cream separator.

Our fourth plan takes us to the horse stable and coach house floor. At "H," near the north partition of the horse stable are the feed chutes supplying this floor from above. Through "R" cleaned oats are supplied from a 12,000 bushel bin above; the water trough is situated at "G." "D" and "E" on the west wall of carriage room, represent the air ducts from the revolving funnels already referred to. "D" supplying the dairy floor and "E" the basement. There is a similar one not shown for the horse stable.

The feed bin marked "S" is supplied direct from the power grinder on the barn floor.

The barn proper (plan No. 5) is fitted with special hay carriers admitting of storage of hay and straw in every corner to the very roof.

"A A" are the large chutes for conveying hay and straw to the horse stable. They stop at the ceiling of that floor. They are connected with the cupola on the peak of the roof where they emit the foul air from below.

"B B" and "C C" are similar chutes doing similar service for the basement and dairy stable floors respectively.



## IN THE HOUR OF REJOICING.

IT was Christmas night in Arleigh, and the old Manor House was ablaze with lights, for Squire Moreland was keeping Christmas according to the best traditions of his ancient home.

Without, the biting wind was whirling the snow flakes into drifts against the corner-stones, and the darksome landscape was fast becoming obliterated by the whitening wintry sheet. "An old-fashioned Christmas truly," the good folks were saying, as they made merry in the comfort of their homes.

Within the oak-beamed hall all was life and gaiety. The yule log blazed on the great hearth, and the merry, glad-some house party, brightened by its cheery glow, had seated themselves around attentively, for the old squire was deep in the recital of the Christmas vagaries of the long-suffering family ghost.

Suddenly, as the story-teller was leading up to the creepy, hair-raising *dénouement*, and the fire-lit, excited faces of his hearers proclaimed the intensity of their harrowed feelings, his narration was arrested by a weird, uncanny wail, which came faintly from the darkness without.

The startled women gave vent to a chorus of frightened shrieks, and the little children buried terrified faces in their mother's skirts. Holding up his hand to enjoin silence, the squire shambled noiselessly to the casement, and as, obedient to his wish, they listened, the strains of an old-time carol, played on a violin, came strangely through the window.

The squire's chuckle was contagious, and in a moment the laughing crowd had gathered round him and were peering into the gloom.

"Tis blind Beppo, the wandering Italian," he explained, and beckoning to the lad who accompanied him, he commanded the shivering pair to approach.

"Come inside, my friend," he cried, cheerily; "you shall play to us in cosier surroundings than the pitiless snow."

And gently grasping his arm, he led the feeble old man to the fire. As the genial warmth relaxed his benumbed fingers he stretched forth his hand for his instrument.

"Thank you, sir," he mumbled through his straggling beard; "you are very good. I will make music for you—I will show you that old Nicolini has not forgotten how to play!"

"So you shall!" exclaimed the squire, impulsively. "But to-night you shall perform on a fiddle such as you have never before handled! Dora, my child, hand me Uncle Godfrey's Amati. There, old *virtuoso*," he continued, as he deposited the treasure in the wanderer's hands, "make us your music out of that."

The aged musician ran his fingers lovingly over the precious instrument, and even as he did so he started as if in apparent wonderment. With shaking hand he drew the bow slowly across the strings, producing a sustained mellow chord, which ended abruptly as it dropped from his fingers. The wondering listeners who had gathered round expectantly—for the reputation of this wandering musician had become a bye-word for miles round—stared with open-eyed astonishment as they saw him press the fiddle reverently to his lips and fondle it like a child, the whilst he uttered maudlin confidences to it in his native tongue.

The little lad—the companion of the old man—picked up the bow, and replaced it in his hand.

"What ails thee, grandfather?" he questioned, solicitously.

"Sir," quavered the old Italian, disjointedly, his sightless eyes staring round the room as if in mute entreaty; "to whom did you say the fiddle belonged?"

"To my daughter," replied the squire, surprised at the question. "It was bequeathed to her by my wife's brother—her uncle Godfrey. But why do you ask?"

The old man did not reply. He seemed dazed and incapable, and his mind seemed to be wandering. Mechanically his fingers wandered caressingly over the instrument in his trembling hands and his troubled face told of some disturbing recollection.

"Come, Beppo," urged his host, "pull yourself together! We are waiting for your music."

The blind fiddler obediently raised the instrument to his chin; and, even as the first notes of a plaintive melody burst from the glorious master-piece, and the delighted audience listened rapturously to his inspired music, the darkness that enshrouded his blinded eyes was dispelled as if by a miracle.

No longer was he in a strange English homestead playing for his daily bread, but back once more in his old home.

In all sunny Italy there was no happier man than Beppo Nicolini, the professor of music.

Though poor in this world's goods, he accounted himself rich indeed, for he was the fortunate possessor of two treasures.

One, the love of a dutiful and beautiful daughter—priceless; and the other, his precious Amati—the envy of all his acquaintances.

His wife had died in the bequeathing of the child to him, and he worshipped her with a love that passed all understanding—indefinable. As she had blossomed into lovely womanhood she had become the sunshine of his existence. He lived but for her.

When the duties of tuition were over for the day, the maid would bring her footstool to her father's knee, and he would play, as the humor took him, music that transformed the shabby surroundings of his scantily-furnished apartment into a veritable palace, and banished from the troubled mind the vexations and cares of poverty like the touch of a fairy wand.

Then, one summer's day, came the English "milor" to blast their little Elysium for ever.

He had introduced himself to the *maestro* at the *cabaret*, and, having expressed a wish to hear his music, the flattered performer had invited him to his home.

It was small wonder then that gay Godfrey Wildbore came again and again. His engaging manners and captivating address disarmed suspicion, and the blind, trustful father, believing he came to listen to the music, welcomed him nightly as a son.

So the dream progressed for maybe a month, with never a cloud in the brightness of his little heaven; and then—

One evening, when he returned from the orchestra, he was surprised to find his child not at home to welcome him.

Thinking she had but slipped out on some necessary errand, he sat down to his frugal supper. That afternoon the director, in spite of his failing eyesight, had offered him the coveted post of first violin, and he had hurried home from the theatre, bursting with suppressed excitement, eager to tell his little Tessa the joyful news. He was disappointed that she was not there; but, as the thought of her childish happiness when at last he should tell her struck him, a smile of pleasure illumined his face.

Still she did not return.

Impatient at her protracted absence, he strode to the cabinet where he kept his beloved fiddle, intending to dive away his restlessness with his music; but even as he threw open the door he staggered back, and clutched at the table for support.

The fiddle was not there.

Rubbing his eyes in incredulous amazement he stared again, and then

within the cabinet, in the place where the precious Cremona usually reposed, he perceived a slip of paper. Seizing it he held it up to the light, and as the hideous truth burst on his bewildered brain the paper fluttered from his nerveless fingers, and he fell forward to the floor in an apoplectic fit.

She had gone away with Godfrey Wildbore, the English adventurer, and had taken the fiddle with her.

Six months later the stricken father was discharged from the hospital, bent and old before his time, with locks as white as driven snow, and hopelessly blind. The blow had paralysed his nerves. But through all his sufferings and anguish the one thought had dominated his mind that she would return to him.

For a time he eked out a miserable existence by playing in the streets of the city. Then, one night, when he returned home, he had found her waiting for him. She had come back, as he knew she would.

Repentant, disillusioned, and broken-hearted, she had begged his forgiveness, and he—what could he do?—had taken the soiled dove back to his heart.

Two months later the close-drawn blinds told that the all-wise merciful Father had taken home another erring mother; and the feeble wail of an infant was heard through the rooms that were once bright with laughter.

As the lad grew up the determination took hold of the old man that he would seek his father and force from him reparation by an acknowledgment of his offspring; and with this idea, and the thought that he should reclaim his beloved fiddle, he had journeyed to England.

For nearly three years he had pursued a fruitless search, wandering round the country under the guidance of his faithful, sunny-eyed companion, in a vain endeavor to track the destroyer of his life. Infirm and well-nigh spent, it was but his indomitable resolution that kept him alive; and now at last, on this wild Christmas night—here, in the house of this stranger—his quest had ended, for Godfrey Wildbore had gone to the great Beyond, and he had found his beloved Amati.

Outside, the Christmas bells were ringing "peace on earth"; but within, the listeners sat entranced—enraptured by the wonder of that music.

And then, suddenly, the music ceased, and the bow stayed mute on the quivering string.

"Bravo, Beppo! Why!—Good Heavens! What's the matter? Here! Jack, Tom!—the old man's dead!"

*Woman's Life.*

# ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FACTS AND FIGURES.

1899 MARCH 1899						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	"

1899 APRIL 1899						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

PARROTS cost only 14c. each to the dealers in South America.

\* \* \*

THE average height of the human race is, for men, 5 ft. 6 in., for women, 5 ft. 2 in.

\* \* \*

It is estimated that of the whole population of the globe, about 99,000 die every day.

\* \* \*

THERE are about eleven million Jews in the world, half of them under Russian jurisdiction.

\* \* \*

IN 1898 there were fifty-three Saturdays, a fact of interest to those having to pay weekly wages.

\* \* \*

THE oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

\* \* \*

THE Japanese address their letters the reverse of what we do, writing the country first, the state or province next, then the city, the street and number, and the name last of all.

\* \* \*

IT may not be generally known that the original idea of the Chinaman's pig-tail was that it formed a convenient handle by which, one day, he would be lifted up to Paradise. This curious belief is still to be found among the natives.

\* \* \*

**SMALLEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.**—The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is less than 4 ft., and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over 75 lb.

**EVERY DAY SABBATH SOMEWHERE.**—By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

\* \* \*

**FALSE TEETH MADE OF PAPER.**—Dentists in Germany are using false teeth made of paper, instead of porcelain or mineral composition. These paper teeth are said to be very satisfactory, as they do not break or chip, are not sensitive to heat or cold or to the action of the moisture of the mouth, and are very cheap.

\* \* \*

**LATE HOURS AND OLD AGE.**—A German doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, finds that the majority of those who attained old age indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten persons over eighty never went to bed till well into the small hours, and did not get up again till late in the day.

\* \* \*

IN the reign of Edward III., there were at Bristol, England, three brothers, who were eminent clothiers and woolen weavers, and whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons who manufactured that comfortable material which has ever since been called by their name, and which was then used for peasants' clothing.

\* \* \*

A CLEVER workman in a cutlery factory in Sheffield, England, has recently made a dozen pair of shears, each so minute that they altogether weigh less than half a grain. That is about the weight of a postage stamp. Each pair was perfect and would cut if sufficiently delicate material could be found. Lying on a piece of white paper, they seemed no larger than fleas.



EDITED AND SELECTED BY MRS. JOHN HOLMES.

*Correspondence is invited on all matters pertaining to the Home; questions relating to any feature of domestic life, or of interest to women generally, will be readily answered, when possible, in this department.*

### One Sad Day.

One sad day when the sun's gold crown  
Jewelled the desolate, dreamy west,  
I came with a burden and laid it down  
Under the lilies and leaves to rest;  
And, weeping, I left it and went my way  
With the twilight whispering: "God knows best!"

One sweet day—it was long ago,  
And thorny the paths my feet have pressed  
Shine with tears and kisses I laid it low—  
Soul of my soul and life of my breast!  
But kneeling now in the dark to pray,  
There comes with a song from the sunless west  
The same sweet voice that I heard that day—  
The twilight whispering: "God knows best!"

### FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

#### New Canvas Work.

**T**HIS new work is done on double-thread canvas, and tapestry wools are the best to use on it. Rug needles with blunt points and large eyes

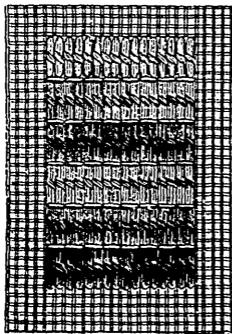


FIG. 1.

should be used, and the canvas chosen not be of too fine a quality. Dragging wool in and out of canvas which is too fine for it does not by any means improve it. The work done in this particular stitch—sometimes called Roumanian—



FIG. 2.

The colors used in Fig. 1 are three shades of peacock blue used alternately, and in between each row is a line of silk back-stitching, which gives a very pretty appearance to the lines, and marks them off. Of course, any colors can be selected, and lines in different colors are often very effective; the stitching between must be done in accordance with your colors. Very often black is extremely effective, and throws up the coloring.

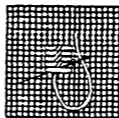


FIG. 3.

In Fig. 2 you see how the stitch is worked. Bring out your thread on the left seven holes away from the other side of the line. You must always have an uneven number, so that the center stitch can be taken in a middle hole. Look at Fig. 2 carefully, and you will see the first part of the stitch. Draw it through, and then put your needle in as seen in Fig. 3.

Fig. 4 shows you the way the back-stitch is done all along the line.

This work is good for cushions, mats, footstools, etc.

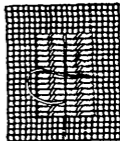


FIG. 4.

### A Perfect Kingdom

A man can build a mansion  
And furnish it throughout,  
A man can build a palace  
With lofty walls and stout;  
A man can build a temple  
With high and spacious dome  
But no man in the world can build  
That precious thing called—Home.

No, 'tis our happy faculty,  
Oh women, far and wide,  
To turn a cot or palace  
Into something else beside:  
Where brothers, sons, and husbands tired  
With willing footsteps come:  
A place of rest, where love abounds—  
A perfect kingdom—Home.

## THE DOMAIN OF THE DRESSMAKER.

THINK it is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the Home Dressmaker is a great favorite here; for that most estimable member of our sex I have generally had some suggestion in this page. There are occasions, however, when the most steadfast do-all-the-sewing-at-home housewife may conscientiously fall back upon outside "professional" help. In most Canadian villages or towns there is to be found a small working tailor who will economically construct a smart gown if given a good design. It is to such a man you can with safety—to your purpose, and your appearance later—entrust the creation of the coat and skirt depicted in our illustration.

The skirt is cut in three breadths. From the seam of the front one start straps of light cloth, brought diagonally across the front to the hem, where they are neatened off by smart buttons. The coat has a simple enough foundation, being cut like any ordinary single-breasted specimen, though the cloth strappings delude the eye and give an air of complication to the making. From under the fronts of the lowest strapping come tabs of the light cloth, which fasten over alternately to either front, the jacket being invisibly secured by hooks and eyes down the front edge under the straps. In blue and mastic cloths this costume should be very smart wear, or in brown and putty equally so.

\*\*

## Do You Envy this Lady?

An Afghan beauty has blue-black hair plastered stiff with gums, and either worn in various forms on the head or plaited in long braids down the back.

The margins of the ears are pierced and decorated with rows of small silver rings, while large rings hang from the lobes. The neck and breast are tattooed with little figures of stars and flowers, and the lustrous black eyes are enhanced by coating the lids with black antimony. The cheeks are rouged and dotted with little round moles of gold and silver tinsel, fastened on with gum. A loose muslin or silk jacket of yellow, blue, or red hangs below the waist, and wide trousers of silk or other coloured materials complete the indoor costume. On going out, the lady wears leggings of cotton cloth, gartered at the knee, shoes of red or yellow leather, and a boorkaposh or cloak. Some ladies wear horsehair veils, and others fasten vinaigrettes to their foreheads which contain attar of roses or other scents.



TAILOR MADE COAT AND SKIRT.

## 'Tis Never Quite the Same Again.

An humble cottage 'neath the hill,  
Where children laugh and romp at will—  
With parents' tender love and care,  
How could their lives be else than fair?  
Oh, let them be glad to-day,  
For swift the years will pass away,  
And when they're women grown, and men,  
'Twill never be the same again.

Together all their tasks are done,  
Their interests are all as one;  
The selfsame board they gather round,  
And at one alter all are found;

The same dear song, the same dear prayer,  
The same old Bible all may share.  
But when they leave the home—oh! then,  
'Tis never quite the same again.

Ah, well! perhaps 'tis better so,  
That deeper meanings we may know;  
There is no loss, no pain,  
That may not bring its own sweet gain  
And in the blessed land above,  
There'll be again one home, one love.  
Then one in heart and one in name,  
At last 'twill be the same.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

## CHIT-CHAT.

## The Value of Exercise.

THE woman does not exist who has not some wish, however small, to appear to her best advantage in the eyes of the world, knowing so well that "a good appearance is a fair letter of recommendation." All cannot possess regular features and univalued complexions, but every girl may obtain a fresh, clear skin without the use of deleterious cosmetics by taking exercise. Regular walks, sharp, and not too long to be fatiguing, are the best producers of rosy cheeks known. When it is remembered that the pink tint so much admired is caused by good circulation of the blood, it stands to reason that this circulation must be encouraged, and that any health exercise, whether it be walking, cycling, or horse-riding, brings about the desired result.

\* \*

## Girls Shunned by Men.

There are many girls who are shunned by men, and for the most part the fault lies with themselves.

The girl who never exercises herself to be agreeable, unless she can have everything her own way, is one of them, for there is not a man alive who will give way in everything to a girl.

The girl who scolds is another type; she may be perfectly good-tempered, but she has contracted the scolding habit, and so she is left alone to scold at her pleasure.

Then there is the girl with the haughty manner and cold stare. No man dares to make love to her, because there is nothing whatever to love in her. So the girl scowls at what she considers their bad taste, utterly ignoring the fact that her own foolish conduct is the sole cause of their neglect.

Another girl without a lover is the painfully shy maiden. She likes to see men at a distance, but the moment they draw near she dives them back with embarrassment. They retire simply out of pity, seeing her distress and awkward bashfulness.

Last on the list comes the girl who always has something smart to say about everyone she sees, ridiculing people in order to be considered clever, little knowing how men intensely dislike to hear her pulling everybody's character to pieces for their amusement.

## The Secret of Pretty Hands.

The woman who would have pretty hands should follow these directions:— Wash them in warm water with pure soap, and occasionally a little oatmeal. Dry them very thoroughly. After the night washing rub pure cold cream into them, and don loose, fingerless white kid gloves. Never go into the street without gloves. Wear gloves which fit easily. Tight ones distort the hands. Twice a week manicle the nails as follows. Soak them in soapy warm water, scrub with a nailbrush, and clean with an orangewood stick. Press back the skin at the sides and base with the stick. With very sharp, curved manicle scissors cut off any hang-nails or dry skin. Clip the nails into an oval shape. File them smooth with sand-paper. If they are inclined to be brittle, rub a little salve on them. Wash again, powder, and polish with chamois, and wash once more to remove any traces of the powder. Every day the nails should be rubbed with lemon juice, which discourages the growth of the skin at the base.

\* \*

## Wooing in Lapland.

When the young Laplander is in love with a girl, he and she run a race; he is heavily handicapped so that she may win if she chooses, and if she outruns him he cannot propose again. Of course, she suffers herself to be overtaken if she cares for him; but the consent of her parents must be obtained before she can be married. The law of the land is very strict on this point, and in olden times the man was subject to capital punishment if he married without the consent of the girl's parents. After the Laplander has chosen a bride he sends her a present of a girdle, a ring, and a quantity of brandy; he goes as far as the door of her hut, but remains outside until invited to enter, when a bumper of brandy is offered to the girl's father; if he drinks it it is a sign he consents to the marriage, and the young lover then promises to give the girl some clothes, and pays a sum of money down on the spot. This, of course, is a tenant of marriage by purchase, which, in primitive times, succeeded marriage by capture. Banns are published once in Lapland, and the marriage ceremony is very short. The bride wears her hair loose and has a gold band round her head. Her presents and her dowry are generally reindeer; and she and her bridegroom remain with her parents a year after marriage.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To wash Soiled Wicker Chairs use strong brine.

After the Water has been Strained from Boiled Potatoes they are much improved by being well shaken. This gives them a white and floury appearance.

To Preserve Ferns or Grass in their natural colors place them between sheets of blotting-paper, and leave them under a heavy weight for forty-eight hours.

To Remove Smoke Stains from a white-washed or painted ceiling wash with water in which a handful of soda has been dissolved. The dust should be first wiped off with a soft cloth.

Another Recipe for Cleaning Copper is to wet a coarse cloth in hot water, soap it well, and apply to the copper. Then sprinkle powdered borax over it, and polish with a dry cloth.

To Preserve and Soften Boots and Shoes castor oil should be rubbed on to the leather about once a month. If done at night the shoes can be polished in the usual way the next morning.

To Clean Varnished Paint.—Take a small quantity of tea-leaves, pour hot water over them, let them steep for half an hour, then drain through a fine sieve, and use the liquor for cleaning the paint. It should be rubbed on with a soft rag.

Cheap Thimbles Should Never be Used, for they are often made of lead or brass, and their use is very likely to result in serious inflammation and swelling if there is even a slight scratch on the finger. Silver or steel thimbles are the safest to use.

To Remove Coffee or Milk Stains from silk, woollen, or other fabrics, paint over with glycerine, and then wash with a clean linen rag dipped in lukewarm rain water until clean. Afterwards press on the wrong side with a warm iron as long as it seems damp. Delicate colours are unaffected by this treatment.

New Stockings and Socks should always be washed before being worn, as the washing shrinks the threads and makes the socks wear as long again, besides preventing the feet being injured by the coloring. When worn before washing they stretch out of shape, and can never be restored to the original form.

The Best Way to Remove Varnish is with strong ammonia, which should be applied with a small brush, so as to get it into all the crevices of the wood. Let it soak in for some time until the paint and varnish are removable. Sometimes it is necessary to repeat the application more than once. The loosened paint and varnish may be scraped off with some sharp steel tool.

## SIMPLE RECIPES FOR TASTY DISHES.

Flaked Hominy Pudding.—Required: 3 tablespoonfuls of flaked hominy, 1 pint of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of castor sugar.

Method.—Mix the hominy with a little cold milk, boil the remainder and stir in the hominy, and cook till it thickens; add the sugar, and pour into a greased pie-dish; bake for half an hour. One or two eggs may be added if a richer pudding is required.

Mackerel Fillets with Caper Sauce.—Method.—Fillet three mackerel, cut the fillets in halves and place them on a buttered baking-tin, cover with buttered paper, and bake them for about half an hour. Dish them in two rows. Make some caper sauce by adding three tablespoonfuls of chopped capers and a dessert-spoonful of vinegar to a pint of melted butter; pour this over the fish, and serve very hot.

Fish Pie.—Required: Any cold fish, 2 ozs. of butter, two teaspoonfuls of anchovy sauce, cayenne pepper, mashed potatoes.

Method.—Flake the fish, season with anchovy and cayenne. Put it into a well-buttered pie-dish, put some butter over it, and cover with a thick layer of mashed potatoes; bake for about 15 minutes.

Lemon Pudding.—Required: 6 ozs. of bread-crumbs, 1 pint of milk, 1 oz. of butter, 3 ozs. of sugar, 2 eggs, 1 lemon.

Method.—Boil the milk, stir in the butter, and pour it over the bread-crumbs; add the sugar and grated lemon-rind, beat the eggs and add them. Put the mixture in a buttered pie-dish, bordered with pastry, and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Onion Soup.—Required: 4 onions, 1 oz. of butter, a dessert-spoonful of rice-flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of powdered sugar, thickening of butter and flour, 1 quart of water.

Method.—Cut the onions small, fry them in the butter, mix the rice flour with the water, add the onions, pepper, salt and sugar, simmer till tender. Thicken with butter and flour. Rub soup through a sieve. Spanish onions are best for this soup.

Lobster Patties.—Required: Minced lobster, white sauce, a little anchovy essence, lemon juice, and cayenne.

Method.—Line the patty-pans with puff paste, and fill each with flour; cover with paste, brush with egg, and bake a nice light color. Mince the lobster, mix it with a little white sauce (bechamel), and the other ingredients. Stir over the fire for five minutes, remove the lids from the patty-pans, take out the flour, fill with the mixture; replace the covers.





"I love God and little children."—JESUS CHRIST.

### Dick's Surprise.

DICK was a great "bird dog." He was naturally of a good disposition, but "Evil communications corrupt good manners," and following the lead of a neighbor's cross dog, Dick fell into one bad habit. At sight of a wandering pussy, he would fly after it with such an uproar that the frightened creature would shoot up into the nearest tree, with her tail like a feather boa. It was with much misgiving, therefore, that I one day accepted the gift of a pretty, half-grown blue-and-white cat.

Cutter had been raised in a shed behind a grocery, and had seen no dog save an old toothless cur, with whom she had been on the most familiar terms.

In fact, Cutter's great characteristic was trustfulness. It seemed as if she knew nothing of bad treatment, and so knew nothing of fear. Accordingly, when Dick found her on a chair in the house, and started for her with a terrifying bark, she simply kept on washing her face. He stopped, evidently puzzled, and obeyed at once when I ordered him out.

But after came the surprise. Dick went to sleep on a large rug in the sitting-room, after curling himself up so that there was a little vacant circle between his body and his legs. The cat, who had been playing at my feet, grew tired, and looked about for a sleeping-place.

Suddenly she spied Dick, and her indecision vanished. With the greatest deliberation she curled herself up in the circle of his legs, and went to sleep. I sat looking at the pretty picture, more interested in the outcome of the scene than in my book.

Presently Dick awoke. He raised his head lazily, and was about to drop it again, when he caught sight of the cat.

I shall never forget the comical look that came into his eyes. No human countenance ever expressed utter astonishment more plainly than Dick's. For several moments he gazed at the cat, as if doubting the evidences of his senses, too much bewildered to bark. Then he slowly reached over and nipped the cat's ear.

Cutter gave her head a little shake, as if to dislodge a fly, and slept on. Then

Dick, who seemed to be experimenting, gave the ear a harder nip. This time Cutter started out of her sleep, raised her head, comprehended the cause of her trouble, promptly clawed the dog's nose with one little paw, and straightway resumed her sleep.

For the next five minutes Dick's face was a study, as he lay looking at her.

Then, evidently giving up the puzzle, he lay down again and slept too.

After that there was not the least fear that Dick would hunt Cutter. Not that Dick seemed to develop any decided affection for her, but her perfect assurance in climbing over him, sleeping on him, or playing with his tail, seemed to "stump" him, as our boys said, and he submitted to her friendly familiarities with a very funny air of wonder and perplexity, but always without demur.

Eliza W. Durbin.

\* \*

### Tagged in the Wrong Place.

SOMETHING more than good intentions goes to the successful handling of a bicycle. At a party near Liverpool, England, to which many guests rode on their wheels, the hostess made elaborate arrangements for the care of their machines, and a system of ticketing, similar to that in use at hotel cloak-rooms, was adopted, each cyclist being provided with a check ticket.

The housekeeper was intrusted with the care of the bicycles and the issue of the tickets, and as they arrived the machines were carefully stored and labelled, so that there would be no difficulty when they were required again.

But the housekeeper was not a cyclist, and did not understand the mysteries of the pneumatic tire. She pinned the tickets on the front tires of the machines where they could be best seen, taking good care that the pins were stuck well into the tires—and the cyclists, one and all, walked home.

\* \*

### Deserved Rebuke.

A STORY is told of the way in which a Massachusetts clergyman, long ago dead, once reproved a young man in words both apt and stinging.

The young man, with a heartlessness which nothing could excuse, whispered to a friend a comment on a poor cripple who was near him in a crowd.

"You'll find his case in the Bible," he whispered, none too softly. "In the twenty-sixth chapter of Proverbs, it says, 'The legs of the lame are not equal.'"

The clergyman heard, and pending

the gaze of a pair of piercing black eyes upon the whisperer, he said clearly, "You would do well to remember the last clause of that same verse, young man; it reads, 'So is a parable in the mouth of fools.'"

\* \*

### Young Shafter's Lesson.

The *Cleveland Leader* gives the recipe by which General Shafter learned self-reliance, saying that the story is told in the officer's own words:

Once, when I was a boy at school, our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic, and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older, and considerably ahead of me in our various studies.

"How many are thirteen and nine and eight?" asked the teacher.

One after another the boys and girls guessed and failed; meantime I thought it out. The question had just got to me, when I heard the big boy, who stood next, whispering, apparently to himself:

"Twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine."

"Well, Wilhe," said the teacher. "let us see if you know. Come now be prompt." I cocked my head on one side, and said triumphantly, "Twenty-nine!"

"Next! How many are thirteen and nine and eight?"

"Thirty," said the big boy below.

That was just what I had figured it to be, myself; and I made up my mind then and there, to depend on my own judgment for the future. Ever since when I have anything to do, and I have figured out what I thought to be the best way of doing it, I have gone ahead, remembering when people criticised, or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class.

### Without Doubt.

A bright girl in one of the New York public schools applied to her teacher for leave to be absent half a day, on the plea that her mother had received a telegram which stated that company was on the way.

"It's my father's half-sister and her three boys," said the pupil anxiously, "and mother says she doesn't see how she can do without me, those boys always act so."

The teacher referred her to the printed



ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

### A GREAT TEMPTATION.

"Catch me, Messieurs, if you can,"  
Master Squirrel shouted;  
"Jump away, Sirs, that's your plan,"  
So he jeered and flouted.

Till poor Fido, Rough, and Spot,  
Tired of futile scratching,  
Vowed that Master Squirrel was not  
Worth the pains of catching.

list of reasons which justify absence, and asked if her case came under any of them.

"I think it might come under this head," said the girl, pointing as she spoke to the words, "Domestic affliction."

### Was He Homesick ?

A fourteen-year-old boy, whose devotion to his widowed mother is a pretty thing to see, was sent to a preparatory school in a town which is nearly twenty-four hours journey from his home.

He arrived in the late afternoon. Early the next morning he wrote the following letter, which his mother received as quickly as the mail could deliver it into her hands:

"Dear Ma: I'm not a bit homesick, but I should think you might write to a fellow once in awhile!

"Your affectionate Tom."

\*\*\*

### Ride On! Ride On!

A CYCLIST who stopped at a village inn boasted about his abilities as a rider to such an extent, that the landlord ventured to make a wager with him.

"Look here, mister," said the innkeeper, "you can't ride up and down this road till the church clock strikes four."

"Done!" said the cyclist. "It's just 3:10 now"; and the next minute he was speeding down the road.

After about an hour's riding the cyclist shouted to one of the bystanders, of

whom many had assembled: "I say, has the church clock struck four yet?"

"No, you idiot," was the blunt reply. "Why, our church clock never strikes at all!"

\*\*\*

### Another Little Whistle, Please.

"GEORGE, George, mind; your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the window!" exclaimed a fond father to his little son who was traveling with him in a railway carriage.

Quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster, papa hid it behind his back.

"There, now, the hat has gone!" he cried, pretending to be angry.

And George immediately set up a howl.

After a time the father remarked:—

"Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." Then he whistled and replaced the hat on the boy's head. "There, it's back again, you see."

Afterwards, while papa was talking to mamma, a small shrill voice was heard saying:—

"Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat out of the window! Whistle again, will you?"

### ALL KINDS OF YOUNG FOLKS.



MRS. FOGG: "You have been a naughty boy, and I shall have to tell your father."

JOHNNY: "H'm! Just like a woman! Can't keep a secret."

\*\*\*

TEACHER: "Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?"

BRIGHT BOY: "Please, sir, I have."

TEACHER: "Where was it, my boy?"

BRIGHT BOY: "On the elephant, sir."

\*\*\*

"Oh Georgie! Who opened the canary's cage?"

"I did. As you told me a little bird was a-whispering to you when I was naughty, I knew it must be him as there was no other little bird about. So I opened the cage, and the cat's eaten him. That's wot he's got for splitting on me!"

\*\*\*

DOCTOR: "Well, my fine little fellow, you have got quite well again. I was sure that the pills I left for you would cure you. How did you take them—in water or in cake?" "Oh, I used them in my pop-gun."

BOY: "Please give me five-cents-worth of castor-oil, and give me short measure, too."

CHEMIST: "Short measure? Why?"

BOY: "Cos I've got to take it myself."

\*\*\*

JOHNNY: "My father's a policeman; what does your father do?"

JIMMY: "What ma tells him."

\*\*\*

TEACHER: "What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

SMART SCHOLAR: "Ho has cold feet, ma'am."

\*\*\*

DASHAWAY: "You said your sister will be down in a minute, Willie. That's good news. I didn't know but what she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day."

WILLIE: "Not this time. I played a trick on her."

DASHAWAY: "What did you do?"

WILLIE (triumphantly): "I said you were another fellow."



### In a Lion's Den.

As owner of menageries I have made it my business to qualify for almost any vacancy that might occur among my performers, and eventually I essayed the role of lion-tamer under the tutelage of the celebrated Franconelli. Strange to say, he, though fearless among wild beasts, was the most arrant coward before threatening man.

I first entered a lion's cage with him at Vincennes, Indiana. In the den was Richard III., a large and fierce African lion. This was at an afternoon performance and not a very perilous venture for the brute was afraid of its trainer, and noticed my presence only by a long growl.

Emboldened by the plaudits of the audience, I resolved to enter the cage alone at the evening performance, and Franconelli assented to my proposition.

When, amid an outburst of music, I swung open the grated iron door and entered, the fierce Numidian seemed to pay me not the slightest attention; but fortunately for me, a blazing furnace containing red-hot rods had been placed under the cage!

The lion seemed to notice my presence even less than at the afternoon performance, and growled only when I patted its huge head. But when I began backing toward the exit, the great brute almost imperceptibly began to raise its body from the floor, and the next moment hauled itself full upon me.

Down I went and must have been killed had not my men with the red-hot irons forced the savage beast to the farther end of the cage, while I emerged with a tattered tinsel jacket, two severely lacerated shoulders and shaken nerves. Though the occurrence was valuable to me in an advertising way, I never again ventured into a lion's den.

The next day Franconelli entered the cage of Richard III. as if nothing unusual had occurred. He was a remarkable man, who habitually entered the dens of strange lions without a moment of preparatory acquaintance, but he was attacked by a caged beast at last.

Our canvas was then stretched in the city of Havana, prior to our departure for the United States. Everybody was well, money had been made, and the menagerie seemed likely to return home in good condition. But a day or two before our departure Richard III. appeared to be in an angry mood. This worried me so much that I urged Franconelli to "dope"—that is, drug—the fierce beast before each performance, he only laughed and said he feared no lion in captivity.

On the last morning in Havana the

Numidian was so "ugly" that I besought Franconelli not to enter the creature's den that day; but he insisted on carrying out his contract. Then I endeavored to "dope" the lion, but he refused to eat the drugged meat.

It was with dread impending evil that I saw the fearless Frenchman appear in the ring, and bow with courtly grace to the large afternoon audience. Bravely he swung open the door and entered the cage, to be greeted with an awful roar by Richard III., who at once arose and lashed his sides with his tail.

I instantly moved to the edge of the platform, beneath which I had concealed a rifle.

Franconelli, calm as a summer's morn, advanced. The great lion wrathfully backed to the farther end of the cage, and my employees prepared to control him with red-hot irons.

The intrepid trainer kept his eyes steadily upon Richard III., and omitted his usual graceful salute to the audience preparatory to leaving the cage. Then he stealthily began his retreat backward. He had made but two steps when the huge, tawny brute sprang upon him, knocked him to the floor, and buried its cruel fangs in his throat. While the attendants pressed the red-hot irons ineffectually to the lion's head and sides, I raised my rifle to my shoulder, took hasty aim at the heart of Richard III., and fired.

The great brute rolled over on the floor. When we opened the door of the cage Richard III. was dead, but alas! so was poor Franconelli!

The audience was wild with excitement, and shouted vociferously. Had they been Americans a panic would doubtless have ensued; but to the Spanish-Cuban crowd the tragedy was simply a magnificent performance. Sadly we buried the brave Franconelli in the suburbs of Havana, and with sore hearts left the Pearl of the Antilles.—DAN RICE in the *Youth's Companion*.

\*\*\*

### Curiosities of Our Calendar.

THERE are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March, and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap-year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29th.

## DISCUSSION ON IMPORTANT TOPICS OF MUTUAL INTEREST.



**T**HE question of the utility of a bicycle on the farm is becoming more prominent every day.

It is but natural that a certain amount of prejudice should dwell in your mind. You have been so accustomed to using your horses for any little journeys that require to be made that mounting a bicycle yourself, or sending your hired

man to town on a wheel seems rather strange, to say the least of it.

But there may be reason in the suggestion.

One often requires to send to town at some unexpected hour of the day.

To take one of the horses off the farm for this purpose means the loss of the horse's services for that time.

If the journey is to be made at the close of the day, the horse will perhaps be tired with its day's work. It won't add to the life of your beast to give it this extra labor.



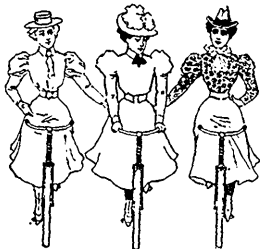
Then, too, your horse may be a little balky, and you do not feel comfortable in entrusting it to the care of the boy.

You can entrust a good bicycle to the care of your little fellow without any fears as to his safety and welfare.

Last summer I dropped in to see an

acquaintance owning a splendid farm on the outskirts of one of our largest cities. At the dinner table the conversation turned on bicycles. I asked him what he thought of the usefulness of the wheel on the farm. He replied:

"I'll tell you. Johnny here worried the life out of me for some months to get him a wheel. He said he could do this and that for me, and save time here and there, and so on. Of course I didn't believe there was much in what the boy



said. I pinned my faith to the good old horse to do my work for me. But the lad's a hard-working little fellow, and I thought I'd reward him. So I bought a wheel for him. There it is, out on the porch; d'yo see it?

"Well, sir, that wheel has saved more time on this farm than you would imagine. I'll give you a few instances: One day last year we were harvesting, and had pretty well got it all in when I noticed that the twine was nearly run out. I kept putting off sending for more, hoping that it would finish out the crop, and not wanting to have to carry a lot over to next season. When we had but a few hundred sheaves to bind, however, I began to see that it wouldn't last out. The horses were all busy, and for a while I didn't know what to do, till suddenly I

thought of the bicycle. I hustled the boy off to the village, and we had the twine back here at the farm in a very short time, which saved the stopping of the binder, and enabled us to get the crop in that afternoon.

"Another time, I remember, someone driving past mentioned that the cattle had got out away up at the other end of the lot. Now, instead of having to go and get one of the horses away from other work, one of us just jumped on to the wheel, and was up there and back again in half an hour.

"Then in case of sickness with the wife here, or any of the youngsters, it comes in very handy, I can tell you.

"Of course the roads out here are a pretty rough at some seasons of the year, and



plant has been established. This comprises the most up-to-date automatic machinery for making perfectly duplicated parts.

Strength is the point aimed at in all parts of the MASSEY-HARRIS.

It is a wheel suited to the requirements of the farmer—a wheel that will stand the hardest riding on rough and broken roads.

The price of the MASSEY-HARRIS is reasonable. You can buy a cheaper wheel than the MASSEY-HARRIS, the same way that you can buy a cheap horse that will go to pieces in a few months. But you can't buy a stronger wheel than the MASSEY-HARRIS, or one that will give you more satisfaction.

No wise farmer ever bought an inferior horse who could afford a better one, and the farmer who appreciates the value of his money will buy a wheel that will last many years.

Have a look at the MASSEY-HARRIS. The agent will show you it.



you've got to have a pretty good wheel to stand the strain caused by ruts and stones, and I've seen some of them folks that have been riding out here on poor machines come to grief pretty often. But I determined that I would get a good one while I was at it, and I believe it's paid me in the end.

"My opinion is, the wheel's going to be a big factor in farm work before long."

The name "MASSEY-HARRIS" is the standard for excellence both in farm implements and bicycles. The MASSEY-HARRIS BICYCLE is now giving perfect satisfaction on many farms in Canada, and is renowned for its strength and wearing qualities.

In the factory in Toronto where the machines are made, a most excellent



## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A Horse that can Read and Write.

**I**N the stable adjoining a handsome residence at Mountrose, Ohio, on the side of the Orange Mountain, is a horse who reads, writes, spells and does sums in arithmetic, answers questions and performs other feats which it had never before been considered possible to teach an animal. This horse is Jim Key, the handsome bay offspring of an Arabian mare and a Kentucky thoroughbred.

How the animal was educated to its high grade of proficiency is described by "Dr." William Key, the venerable colored man who has conducted the intelligent creature's education for seven years. "Di." Key was the slave of John W. Key, of Bedford county, Tenn., before the war, and like most slaves, took his master's name. His title he gained by his supremacy in voodoo rites among the negroes of his native State, and by the manufacture and sale of liniment and medicines. From childhood, the old negro declares, he has possessed a peculiar and inexplicable power over animals, and by the exercise of this power, with the assistance of unlimited sugar and patience, Jim Key was educated to perform many tricks, to boom the sale of liniment. "Dr." Key, who in his slavery days had the advantage of a good education, makes no secret of the manner in which Jim Key has been taught. Sugar, kindness and patience, with a liberal allowance of apples, are the methods, he declares, by which any horse of usual intelligence may be trained to perform remarkable feats.

One of Jim Key's most remarkable performances is the writing of his own name upon a blackboard covered with chalk and using a damp sponge as a pencil. The result can hardly be called a marvel in chirography, but is readable.

"It done took me a year to teach him dat trick," says his trainer. "Like all the other tricks, I did it with sugar. I wrote the letters on the blackboard with water and then covered the lines with sugar. To lick off the sugar the horse moved his head over the shape of the letters. After practicing several months he got the motion and then I left off the sugar. A few years ago I was training Jim in Chattanooga, giving free exhibitions in the street. After the exhibition I would sell liniment to the crowd. One day a circus man came to me. 'I hear

you've got a horse that can do anything,' says he. 'Dat's right, sir,' says I. 'Jim can do almost anything.' 'I'll give you \$10.00 for him if he can pick a silver dollar out of the bottom of a bucket of water without drinking any of the water.' Well, sir, I'd never thought of that trick, and the circus man went away on the next train. I laid awake nights thinking how I was going to teach Jim how to take out that dollar without drinking the water. Finally I got an idea. I got a new pail and a silver dollar. The dollar I covered with sugar and dropped into the empty pail. Jim licked all the sugar off the dollar and brought it to me in his teeth to put some more sugar on it. It only took a few days to teach him that he'd get sugar when he brought me the dollar. Then I began to cover the dollar with water, and he picked out the dollar just the same. Jim knows the letters of the alphabet just as good as anybody" continued the doctor. "The first thing I taught him, when he was a year old, was to bring me a handkerchief, in which a lump of sugar was wrapped. When he did it right I gave him the sugar. Then I put tin cards in a rack and printed letters on them. I covered letter 'A' with sugar and made the horse bring me that letter. All the time I repeated 'A, A, A' and in about two months he'd get 'A' without sugar. It was easier to teach him the other letters, which I did in the same way. When I tell Jim to get a letter, a name or a figure or number, I look at that card and think hard."

Jim Key also has the services of a groom who happens to be a college graduate and speaks six languages. When the horse needs the services of his valet he rings a bell, the same as a man of wealth would summon a servant.

\*\*\*

### Styx a Battery Dog.

He was a fox-terrier in the days when fox-terriers were not so common as now, and he made his appearance in the battery one morning just as we were "hitching up" at daylight to resume the march interrupted by a night's rest in the vicinity of a small town in Louisiana. He attracted my attention by running up and placing at my feet a small stick and then backing off a little way with every muscle of his body on the stretch, asking me as pleadingly as if he spoke, to throw

it that he might have the exquisite pleasure of catching it, to be brought back again and thrown.

The captain of a battery has at such a time something else to do than to throw sticks for a dog to fetch, and when Styx saw me mount my horse he abandoned me and started off to a sergeant who treated him with even greater contempt. Nothing abashed, he picked up the stick and started with the column, which was now moving along the road and into which the battery halted from the roadside with the accompaniments of clanking trace-chains and rumbling wheels.

Styx maintained his position somewhere between the gun carriages all day, refusing to be allured by the dashing cavalry or the sober infantry, as now and then changes occurred in the column, and late in the afternoon, when we halted for the night, he reported himself at my particular fire as if he were on duty as an orderly. He asked not for food or caresses, but putting down a stick at my feet, declared in his fox-terrier language that if I would please throw that for him just once he would consider all obligations discharged in full, and I threw it, he brought it back before it had fairly touched ground and worried me for more of it.

The next day we were in action. The enemy had made a gallant stand in their retreat at a narrow pass, where it was most difficult for us to advance, and here the genius of Styx came into great play.

The "No. 5" man, as he is called, runs between the limber and the gun when the battery is in action, carrying the missile, or cartridge, from the ammunition chest to the "No. 2" man, who places it in the gun, when the "No. 1" sends it home with the rammer. Styx had joined himself to one of the gun detachments, and was acting as a "No. 5" man. Receiving the cartridge from "No. 6," who took it from the chest, he rushed like lightning to the gun and delivered his burden to the expectant artilleryman. He was in his element now. The thunder of the guns could hardly drown his shrieks of joy as he rushed back from having delivered one charge to get another—this was something like! Why hadn't we played this game before? Now he saw what a battery was for.

That day gave Styx a reputation through our whole corps. The commanding general heard of him and requested me to bring him to headquarters. An admiring circle of officers sat about him one evening and discussed whether or no dogs could be used generally in the artillery.

Three days after came the catastrophe. We were drawn up in line of battle to await developments, and for a long time nothing developed. Finally a distant

battery began to give us its attention. Now and then a shell exploded in front or over our heads. Styx was sitting with eager eyes, in the midst of his favorite detachment. Suddenly an almost spent, six-pound solid shot from the enemy struck in front of us, and rolled, as it struck, slowly into the battery. "More fun!" said Styx to himself, and jumped for it. For the first time he had miscalculated. But then his experience with artillery had been of the briefest. The moving mass of iron which seemed as harmless as a rubber ball, crushed the life out of the active little volunteer.

We all mourned him, and the general said, when I told him about it, "Well, you know, war can't be carried on without some loss."

### The World's Distribution of Horses.

From census enumerations and official and reliable estimates, it appears there are some 75,000,000 horses in the world. Our figures subjoined are the best obtainable, and while not yet complete, as nothing is available covering some rather prominent countries, such as China, Brazil and Mexico, yet they afford a fair approximation of the totals by countries. In connection with this table it is interesting to note that the estimated number of mules and asses in the world is 9,000,000 head, of which North America is credited with 2,310,000; South America 1,240,000; Europe, 3,200,000; other continents scattering.

#### HORSES IN THE WORLD.

(In millions and tenths.)

North America.		Asia.	
United States.....	11.9	India.....	1.1
Canada.....	1.5	Japan.....	1.6
Other.....	1.0	Russia.....	5.9
Total.....	14.4	Other.....	5
South America.		Total.....	9.1
Argentina.....	4.1	Africa.	
Uruguay.....	.1	Algeria.....	.2
Venezuela.....	.1	Cape Colony.....	.3
Other.....	.2	Orange Free State.....	.2
Total.....	5.4	Other.....	.3
Europe.		Total.....	1.0
Austria.....	3.7	Australasia.	
France.....	2.8	Queensland.....	.4
Germany.....	3.8	New South Wales.....	.5
United Kingdom.....	2.1	Victoria.....	.4
Russia.....	21.7	New Zealand.....	.2
Romania.....	.6	Other.....	5
Italy.....	.7	Total.....	2.0
Other.....	3.0	Total.....	33.4
Total.....	33.4	Grand Total.....	75.5

LAST fall, a farmer in (no: we won't give the township) who wished to make an entry at an agricultural exhibition, wrote thus to the secretary: "Please put me down on your list of cattle for a calf."



# The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

CAPITAL  
\$6,000,000  
PAID-UP

## BRANCHES OF THE BANK IN CANADA.

### ONTARIO :

Ayr	Dundas	Parkhill	Strathroy
Barrie	Dunnville	Peterboro	Toronto
Belleville	Galt	Port Perry	(8 Offices)
Berlin	Goderich	St. Catharins	Toronto J'cn
Blenheim	Guelph	Sarnia	Walkerton
Brantford	Hamilton	Sault Ste.	Walkerville
Cayuga	London	Marie	Waterloo
Chatham	Orangeville	Seaforth	Windsor
Collingwood	Ottawa	Simcoe	Woodstock
Dresden	Paris	Stratford	

QUEBEC :	MANITOBA :	BRITISH COLUMBIA :
Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver, Cranbrook, Fernie, Greenwood, Atlin City.
	YUKON DISTRICT :	
	Dawson City.	

## FARMERS' BUSINESS.

*In addition to handling Commercial Paper, this Bank makes a special business of LOANS TO FARMERS, and the discounting of FARMERS' SALES NOTES at reasonable rates of interest.*

## SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

*Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and current rates of interest allowed thereon.*

# FREE

## OVER \$1,000.00

Spent during 25 years on Catarrh Remedies and Specialists by a wealthy mill-owner of Port Essington, B.C. At last cured by

## Japanese Catarrh Cure.

SAMPLE BOX SENT FREE.

Mr. Joseph Little, the well-known mill-owner of Port Essington, B. C., formerly of Vancouver, writes: "Japanese Catarrh Cure has completely cured me of catarrh, which has troubled me for twenty-five years. I have at different times spent over one thousand dollars with different specialists in Toronto, Buffalo and San Francisco, besides trying all other remedies, but the result was only temporary relief. Hearing of the remarkable cure throughout the West by Japanese Catarrh Cure, I purchased six boxes while in Vancouver about two years ago, and since completing this treatment have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I feel that I cannot say too much in its favor; the first application gave great relief. We also keep a supply in the mill for cuts, etc., and find it superior to any other remedy for healing."

If you have tried all other remedies without success, and are at all skeptical as to the merits of Japanese Catarrh Cure, enclose five cents in stamps, and we will mail you free a trial quantity sufficient for nearly two weeks' treatment. Price, 50 cents, or six for \$2.50, will guarantee to cure or money refunded. By all druggists, or by mail post-paid Address, the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., Sample Apt., 121 Church Street, Toronto.



## A FORCIBLE SUBSTITUTE.

KILMARTIN: "Did yez sell Maroney th' dog he wor after wantin'?"

KILLILLY: "Oi did not! Th' chump hod th' narve t' offer me a maidly quarther fer his chice!"

KILMARTIN: "Thin yez didn't let him hov th' pick?"

KILLILLY: "Oi did not; Oi let him hov th' shovel. Oi hod no pick in me hands!"

BEGGAR (to lady who is a long time getting a copper out of her purse): "Hurry up, ma'am, I've lost several customers while you've been fooling over them pennies."

## WHY SHE WOULDN'T BE INSURED.

SHE had concluded to take out a life insurance policy, and appeared before the examining physician.

"What's your name?" he asked, in his crisp, business way, and she looked indignant as she answered,

"Age?"

"I didn't come here to answer impertinent questions, sir. I came to be insured!"

"But we must know your age in order to fix the rate."

"What rate?"

"The amount you must pay annually for being insured."

"Thirty-three, then," she snapped.

"You must be accurate, or it will invalidate the policy."

"Forty; but I must say that I never heard such impudence."

"Weight?"

"I don't know. Neither does anyone else. Just as though that would make any difference."

"Married or single?"

"Single, thank Heaven! Not but what I've had plenty of chan—"

"Of course. Any insanity in your family?"

"Sir!" and she tried her best to congeal him with a look.

"I think that you don't want to be insured."

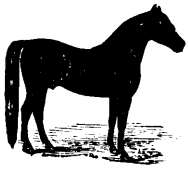
"And you guessed it right the first time. I don't propose to be a family encyclopædia for you or any other gossip-monger," and she flounced out with a vigour that made the doctor think she was a pretty good subject after all.

\* \* \*

MISS PASSAY: "I dread to think of my fortieth birthday."

MISS PERT: "Why? Did something unpleasant happen then?"

# Horse Owners! Use



## GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam

A Safe Speedy and Positive Cure.

**The Safest, Best BLISTER** ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes Bunches or Blemishes from **Horses** and **Cattle**. **Supersedes all Caustery or Firing.** Impossible to produce scar or blemish.

Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price **\$1.50** per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, **charges paid**, with full directions for its use.

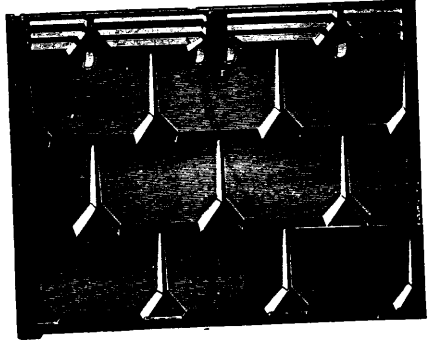
Send for descriptive circulars.

THE LAWRENCE WILLIAMS CO., TORONTO, ONT.

# THEY'RE Lightning Proof!

That is one strong advantage gained by using

## EASTLAKE SHINGLES.



They give absolute protection from any damage by Lightning. Are quicker and easier to lay than others.

**Can't Leak - Can't Rust - Can't Burn** and prove the most economical and durable Shingle you can buy. Write us—we know they'll satisfy you.

## Metallic Roofing Co., Limited

1183 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

# BRYAN'S BRUSHES

GIVE THE BEST SATISFACTION.

Paint Brushes	Artists' Brushes	Factory Brushes
Varnish "	Horse & }	Stable & }
Kalsomine "	Carriage }	Factory } Brooms.
Roofing "	Household }	Hair Floor "
Toilet "	Furnace Flue "	

THOS. BRYAN,

61-65 Dundas St.,

LONDON - - CANADA.



OFFICER: "Go wan, now, wid yer questions. Do ye take me fer a cyclopedee?"

UNCLE OSCAR: "Waal, you're about the highest authority I ever consulted, b' gosh."

SAYS an agricultural editor, "Pumpkins are said to be very fattening for hogs, but we have never tried them ourselves."

MR. B.: "My dear, your butcher gives you short weight for your money."

MRS. B.: "But consider also, my dear, the long wait you give him for his."

MR. BINKS (after an absence): "And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected! You are a clever little woman. What became of him?"

MRS. BINKS: "The other burglar carried him off."

ETHEL: "Who is that man you just bowed to?"

PENELOPE: "That was Dobson, the great composer."

ETHEL: "A composer, did you say?"

PENELOPE: "Yes, he manufactures soothing syrup."

MRS. QUICKLEIGH—"The first man who ever proposed to me said that if I would not marry him he would blow his brains out."

Miss WONDER: "Good gracious! He must have been crazy. Why didn't you have him put under restraint?"

MRS. QUICKLEIGH: "I did. I married him."

## MASSEY-HARRIS ILLUSTRATED

An Independent Illustrated Journal of News and Literature for Rural Homes.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE MASSEY PRESS.

PROF. SCRUB, - - - Editor-in-Chief.  
FRANK VIFOND, - - - Acting Editor.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

To all parts of Canada and United States, **Only 50 Cents Per Annum**, postage prepaid. Stamps taken.

Always address:

MASSEY PRESS, 927 King St. W.,  
Toronto, Canada.



## Too Sweet for Anything

IS THE BABY AFTER A BATH WITH

# Baby's Own Soap

USED BY THOUSANDS OF MOTHERS.

Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL,  
Makers of the Celebrated Albert Toilet Soaps.

### Unknown Animal.

In 1812 General William Ashley, the head of the Rocky Mountains Fur Company, travelled up the Platte Valley with a large party of men, all of whom were suffering for want of food. Before they reached the Buffalo country the Indians had driven off the herds, and General Ashley's men were reduced to an allowance of half a pint of flour a day. This served to keep them alive.

If it happened that a duck or goose was killed, it was shared as fairly as possible, but still the men were in a sad plight. Finally one of our party, Jim Beckworth, came on a lucky find of deer and game, and the next day he was even more successful in a way surprising to himself. He had climbed a tree to get a fairer view, and he says:

"I perceived some large dark colored animal grazing on the side of a hill, about a mile and a half distant. I was determined to have a shot at him. Meat was in demand, and the fellow, well-stored, was worth a thousand ducks.

"I approached cautiously within rifle-shot, scrutinizing him very closely, and still unable to make out what he was. Taking good aim, I pulled the trigger; the rifle cracked, and I made a rapid retreat toward the camp. After running about two hundred yards, and hearing no movement behind me, I looked round and saw, to my great joy that the animal had fallen.

"Continuing my course to camp, I met the General, who saw blood on my hands from a previous encounter, and asked me:

"Have you shot anything, Jim?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you shot?"

"Two deer, and something else," I answered.

"And what is the something else?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What did he look like? Had he horns?"

"I saw no horns, sir."

"What color was the animal?"

"You can see him, general," said I, "by climbing yonder tree."

"He ascended the tree accordingly, and took a look through a spy-glass."

"A buffalo, by heavens!" he cried.

"He came nimbly down, and gave orders for us to take a couple of horses, go and dress the buffalo and bring him to camp."

"This was the first and last buffalo I had ever seen, though I had travelled hundreds of miles in the buffalo country; and I had actually been so excited as not to notice his horns. The general had many a hearty laugh at me over those horns. I had ignored them at rifle-range, and he had seen them plainly when he was nearly two miles away."

### Justice in Abyssinia.

A recent visitor to Addis-Abeba gives a picture of Menelik in his judicial capacity.

The court is held in an open square under the blue sky, his majesty being enthroned on a dais, with the Alfa Negus (voice of the King) by his side as Lord Chief Justice.

The prisoner—accused in this instance of murder—was brought before the throne, bound to a couple of warders, and his features clearly expressed his knowledge of the fate awaiting him.

"Why did you commit murder?" asked the king.

"I only meant to steal," replies the criminal.

"Had you no other motive?"

"No! I am a beggar. The messenger had dollars, and I cut his girdle to get them."

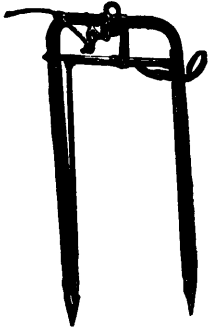
"Good. You are sentenced to death. Have you any request to make?"

The poor wretch pleads for mercy, but in vain.

Then the executioner leads his victim to the market-place, where he is strung up on a tree, the whole affair lasting just twenty minutes.—*Chronicle.*

Agents for Province of Quebec :  
**MASSEY-HARRIS CO, Limited, Montreal.**

**PROVAN'S PATENT REVERSIBLE**  
**Carriers, Fork and Slings**



HAVE now become a Standard of Excellence with the Farmers of Canada and the United States: At the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, the only medal and Diploma given on Hay Carriers, Forks and Slings, was awarded to us on these Implements:

Following is a copy of the Judges' Award :

AWARD. " For open trip hook to receive the sling; automatic clutch, adjustable for size of load desired; ingenious design of stop block, which enables perfect control of carriage; no springs required for locking car which has motion in all directions; compact form of fork which can be tripped in any position; the car is reversible and of double action; for novelty, ingenuity, and usefulness. Excellence of material and construction.

Manufactured by

**JAMES W. PROVAN,**  
**OSHAWA, Ont., Can.**

Correspondence Solicited. Special Discount for Cash

"USE SOMETHING GOOD."  
**FARMERS**  
 SAVE A PROFIT ON  
**MACHINE**  
 GET GOOD  
**"PEERLESS" IS THE BEST**  
 Known Brand  
 Had years of high standing. The best dealers all sell it.  
 The **QUEEN CITY OIL CO. LIMITED**  
 SAM'L. ROGERS PRES. TORONTO

YOU CAN'T HAVE A GOOD MACHINE  
 IF FITTED WITH POOR BOXES.

BABBIT-METAL IS NO GOOD. IT'S A THING OF THE PAST.

**SPOONER'S**  
**COPPERINE**  
 IS A RELIABLE BOX METAL.  
 Easily handled—costs you no more—adds years of wear to Machinery. Runs easier with less and cheaper Oil. Worth a dozen of it.  
**Largest Continental Engines Using It.**

**A CLOCK KEPT GOING WITH HOT WATER.**

One of the most curious clocks in the world is that which Amos Lane, of Amidee, Nevada, U. S. A., constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water

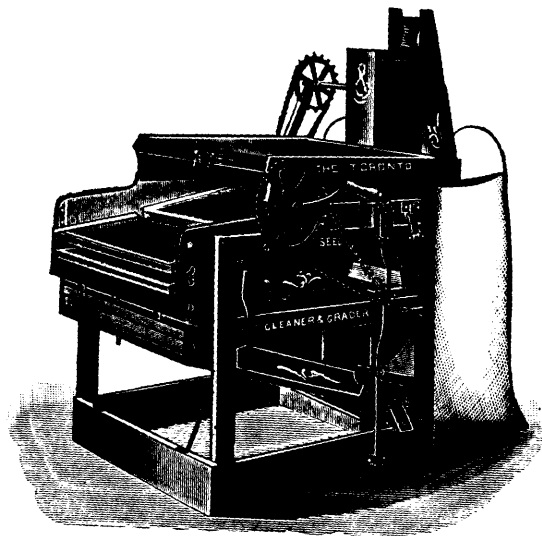
every thirty-eight seconds. This spouting never varies to the tenth of a second, and, therefore, a clock properly attached to it cannot fail to keep correct time. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever, and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.

**A DIP IN SEASON.**

A CERTAIN amount of trouble is involved in the operation of dipping, and no man can afford to risk failure for the sake of a few cents saving on every hundred sheep. A dip should be easy of application, cheap, and absolutely reliable, and should not stain the fleece, or check the flock, but be entirely beneficial to both. The best Dips are cheap enough and are not open to the serious drawbacks of the old time remedies.

Most dips do not comply with these simple requirements. Lime and Sulphur as a dip is generally denounced, as it ruins the fleece; Tobacco stains it, and requires heating to be effective. Carbolic, and other fluids are only tempor-

arily effective, and usually very unpleasant in use. Kerosine Emulsion is very risky, and often peels the wool. None of these can truthfully be called perfect preparations. All hot dips are objectionable and liable to chill the sheep. Undoubtedly a first-class manufactured Dip can alone be relied upon, and of these Cooper Dip has stood alone for half a century as the leading Dip of the world, because it is free from all the objections mentioned. It is a Powder soluble in cold water, and ready for use in five minutes. Its use on over 100 millions annually is conclusive proof of its value. Its proprietors are exclusively Sheep Dip makers.



## THE "TORONTO" GRAIN AND SEED CLEANER AND GRADER.

This Implement has no equal for **CLEANING, GRADING and SEPARATING** all kinds of **GRAIN and SEEDS**: It will be seen from the cut that it is entirely different from the ordinary Fanning Mill, both in construction and motion: **THE "TORONTO" GRAIN & SEED CLEANER AND GRADER** possesses many points of advantage over the ordinary mill now in use which our limited space prevents us from describing, but the closest inspection is solicited from farmers and others who are interested in **CLEAN GRAIN and SEEDS**:

We build Power Mills of any capacity, for Elevators, Grain and Seed Dealers, Breweries, etc: Prices on application:

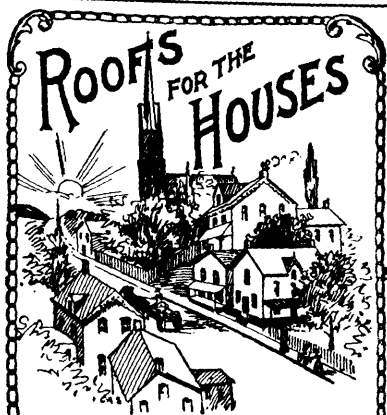
For Particulars apply to \_\_\_\_\_

... **THE TORONTO** ...

## Grain and Seed Cleaner and Grader M'fg. Co.,

LIMITED.

52 Adelaide Street E., Toronto, Ont.



### 32 Years Ago

We started the manufacture of sheet metal building materials, and this long experience enables us to offer intending builders all that is desirable in Steel Roofing, Steel Sidings, Steel Ceilings, etc.

### We Prefer

That you purchase through the trade, still if your dealer cannot give the information you desire, or offers a substitute "just as good," write us.

"The Pedlar Patent Shingles" are the best, and the best cost no more than the poorest.

**Pedlar Metal Roofing Co.**  
**OSHAWA, CANADA.**

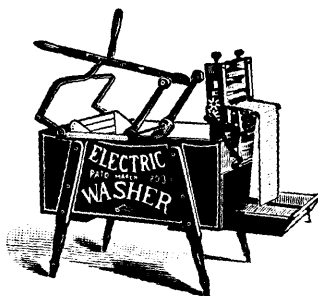
## Safety Razors FREE



These improved simplex magnetic safety-razor outfits given **absolutely free**. Only one to a person. Every razor warranted always in order; so finely adjusted impossible to cut or scratch the face. To introduce into every home our Shaving & Complexion Soap, which beautifies, removes pimples, blotches, & all facial eruptions, leaving skin looking fresh & young & delicately per-

fumed after a shave. We give above razors **absolutely free**. Send **10 cts.** silver or stamps for sample cake soap, & we will send one at once securely boxed, pre-paid. Each razor made from finest Sheffield steel, & can be used in any position while walking, riding in wagon or car, or on ship in storm, with perfect ease & safety, & no more effort than it takes to comb your hair. **We make this liberal offer** knowing you will appreciate the present. Show our goods & it will be the means of working up a trade in less than half the time that we could by the old regular way of Newspaper & Magazine advertising.

**Home Supply Co. 315 Madison Ave., N.Y. City**



Make no mistake  
and handle the

## Electric Washer

Tried and proved,  
no experiment, you  
are sure to be satisfied,  
time is money.

If not represented  
in your district,  
write us and secure  
an Agency before  
too late.

## SEMMENS & SON,

174 York St. - - HAMILTON, ONT.